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THE SKY'S *the* LIMIT

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- ★ No. 64 **THE VICIOUS CIRCLE**
Clawed from the sky, they would not admit defeat !

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THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

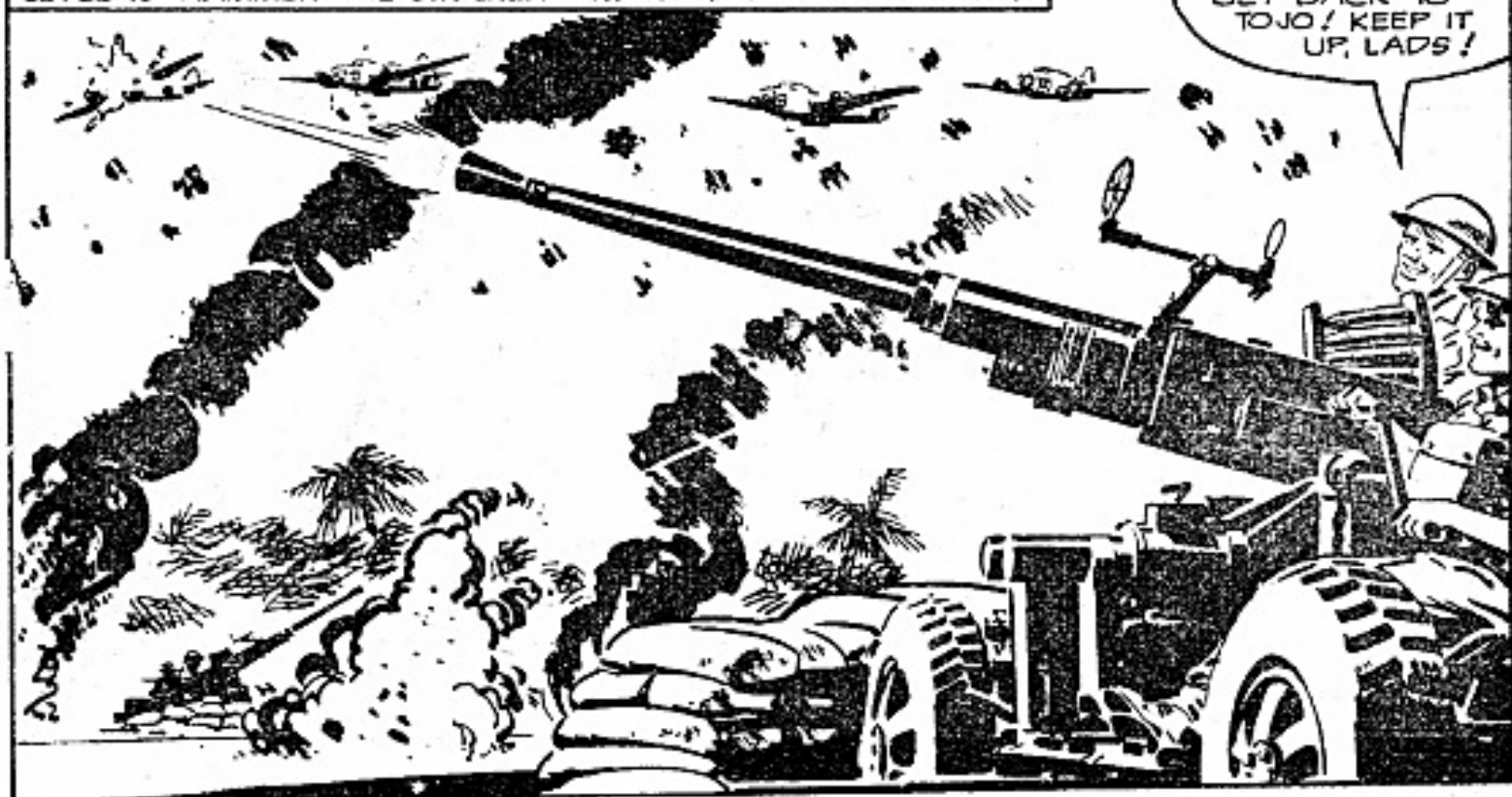


BURMA, 1942, THE JAPS WERE TRYING TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR THE EASTERN ASIES WITH THEIR DEADLY ZERO FIGHTERS. MATCHED AGAINST THEM WAS A SORELY DEPLETED FIGHTING FORCE OF HURRICANES PLEDGED TO STEM THE ENEMY MIGHT...

Chapter 1. The Flying Tigers

ON THE BATTERED AIRFIELD OF MINGALA, ENEMY BOMBERS
ONCE MORE AIMED A VICIOUS ATTACK, SWEEPING IN AT LOW
LEVEL TO HAMMER THE STRICKEN AIRSTRIP IN OPEN DAYLIGHT...

THERE'S ONE
THAT WON'T
GET BACK TO
TOJO! KEEP IT
UP, LADS!



THE WEEKS OF CONTINUAL ACTION WERE
TELLING ON THE EXHAUSTED PILOTS WHO
LIMPED HOME TO BASE. IN A SHELTER BY
THE AIRSTRIP, WING COMMANDER BRYANT
D.F.C., SPOKE TO THE SOLE REMAINING
STATION OFFICER...

ALL OUR ACK-ACK
SITES WERE KNOCKED
OUT IN THAT LAST
RAID, DOC. WE CAN'T
LAST MUCH
LONGER!

CHEER UP,
OLD MAN, SURELY
THIS IS WHAT
YOU CAME OUT
TO BURMA FOR—
TO GIVE THE
JAPS SOME OF
THEIR OWN
MEDICINE?



WING COMMANDER BRYANT TURNED
AWAY AT THE WORDS. HIS THOUGHTS
ROLLED BACK TO A SIMILAR NIGHT,
TWO YEARS BEFORE—WHEN THE
ENEMY HAD NOT BEEN A SNARLING
ZERO FIGHTER...

I'LL NEVER
FORGET WHY
I APPLIED
FOR THIS
POSTING...



TWO YEARS BEFORE, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT BRYANT HAD BEEN A NIGHT-FIGHTER PILOT, FLYING BEAUFIGHTERS FROM AN AIRFIELD IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND...



ACHTUNG!
ENEMY
FIGHTER!

WE GOT
HIM, BRYANT!
THAT'S OUR
EIGHTEENTH
IN ALL!

THE BEAUFIGHTER HEADED FOR BASE AGAIN AS JOHNNY LEVIS, BRYANT'S GUNNER, CONGRATULATED HIM. THE MOMENT THEY TOUCHED DOWN, BRYANT WAS CALLED TO SEE THE STATION COMMANDER...



WE WANT YOU TO TAKE OVER A NEW FIGHTER, BRYANT. IT'S A BIT HUSH-HUSH AT PRESENT - BUT YOU ARE JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB...

IS IT THE NEW
JAGUAR STREAK?
I HEARD
SOMETHING
ABOUT IT...

DESPITE BRYANT'S ENTHUSIASM OVER THE NEW FIGHTER, THE STATION COMMANDER LOOKED A LITTLE GRIM. BRYANT WAS TO REMEMBER HIS WORDS MUCH LATER...

DISCOUNT ANY RUMOURS YOU'VE HEARD, BRYANT. THE NEW STREAK IS AN ENTIRELY UNKNOWN QUANTITY. WHOEVER FLIES HER FIRST WILL BE TAKING A GOOD DEAL MORE THAN HIS OWN LIFE IN HIS HANDS...

I UNDERSTAND,
SIR. WHEN DO
I START?



The Sky's The Limit

THE WHEELS TURNED FAST AFTER THAT FIRST INTERVIEW. IT WAS AT A SMALL, SECRET AIRSTRIP THAT PETER BRYANT AND JOHNNY LEVIS FIRST TOOK OVER THE PROTOTYPE FIGHTER...

SHE LOOKS A BEAUTY, SKIPPER!

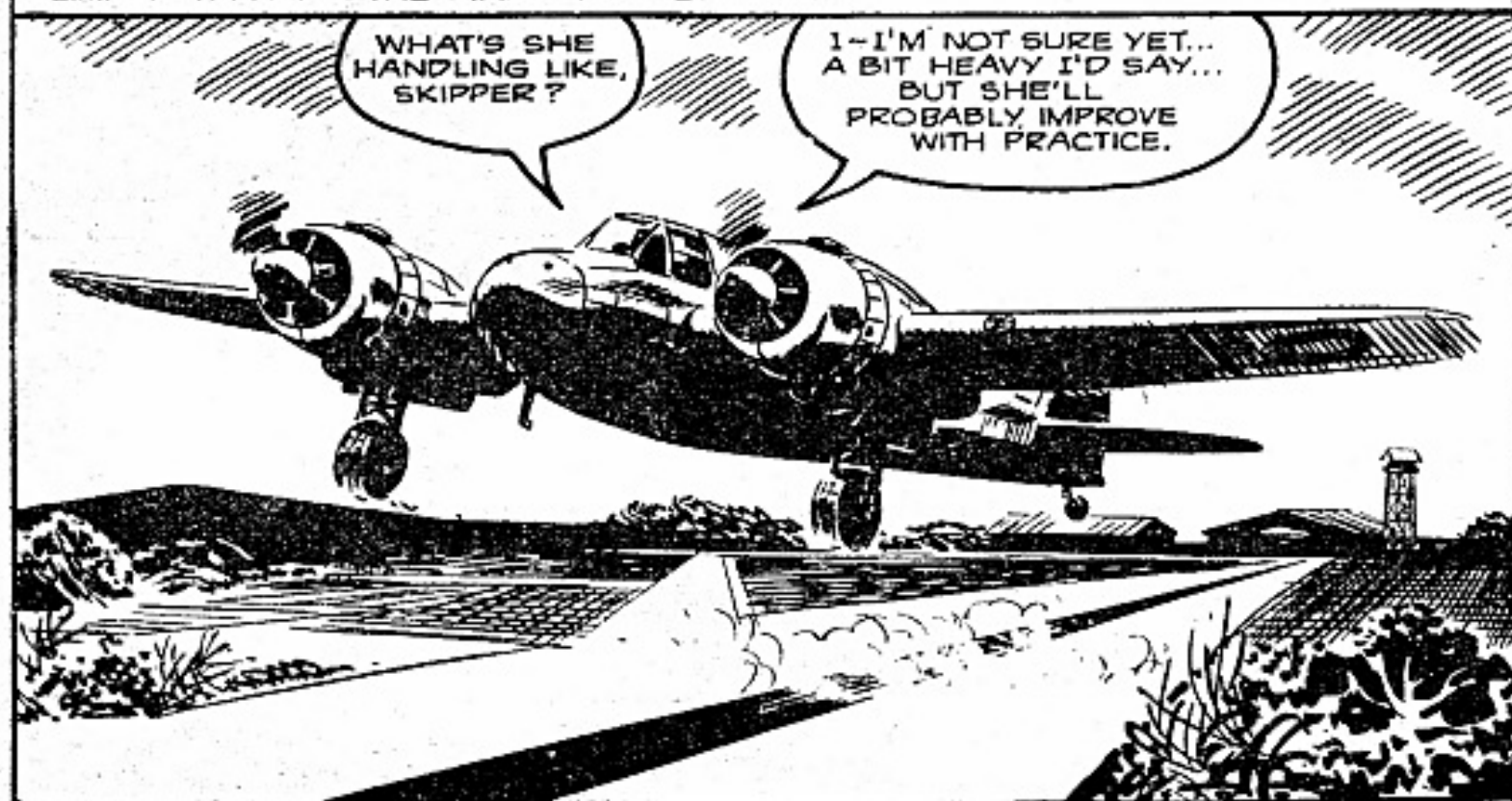
THE DESIGN'S FIVE YEARS AHEAD OF ITS TIME, SO THEY SAY.



BUT DESPITE HIS PRETENCE OF CONFIDENCE, BRYANT FELT JITTERY ABOUT THE TEST FLIGHTS. THE RUMOURS HE HAD HEARD ABOUT THE NEW PLANE - THAT IT WAS UNSTABLE, UNRELIABLE IN AN EMERGENCY - HAUNTED HIM AS THEY CLIMBED TOWARDS THE STARS THAT EVENING...

WHAT'S SHE HANDLING LIKE, SKIPPER?

1-I'M NOT SURE YET... A BIT HEAVY I'D SAY... BUT SHE'LL PROBABLY IMPROVE WITH PRACTICE.



SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A CRACKLE IN BRYANT'S EARPHONES...

BLAZER TWO FOUR.
BANDIT APPROACHING.
ANGELS ELEVEN.
AVOID CONTACT.

ROGER,
BOFFIN.

THE NEWS OF THE PROWLING ENEMY PLANE BROUGHT A DULL SENSE OF UNEASE TO BRYANT...

I'LL CLIMB TO
FIFTEEN THOUSAND
FEET...WE'D
BETTER HAVE A
BIT OF HEIGHT
IN HAND...

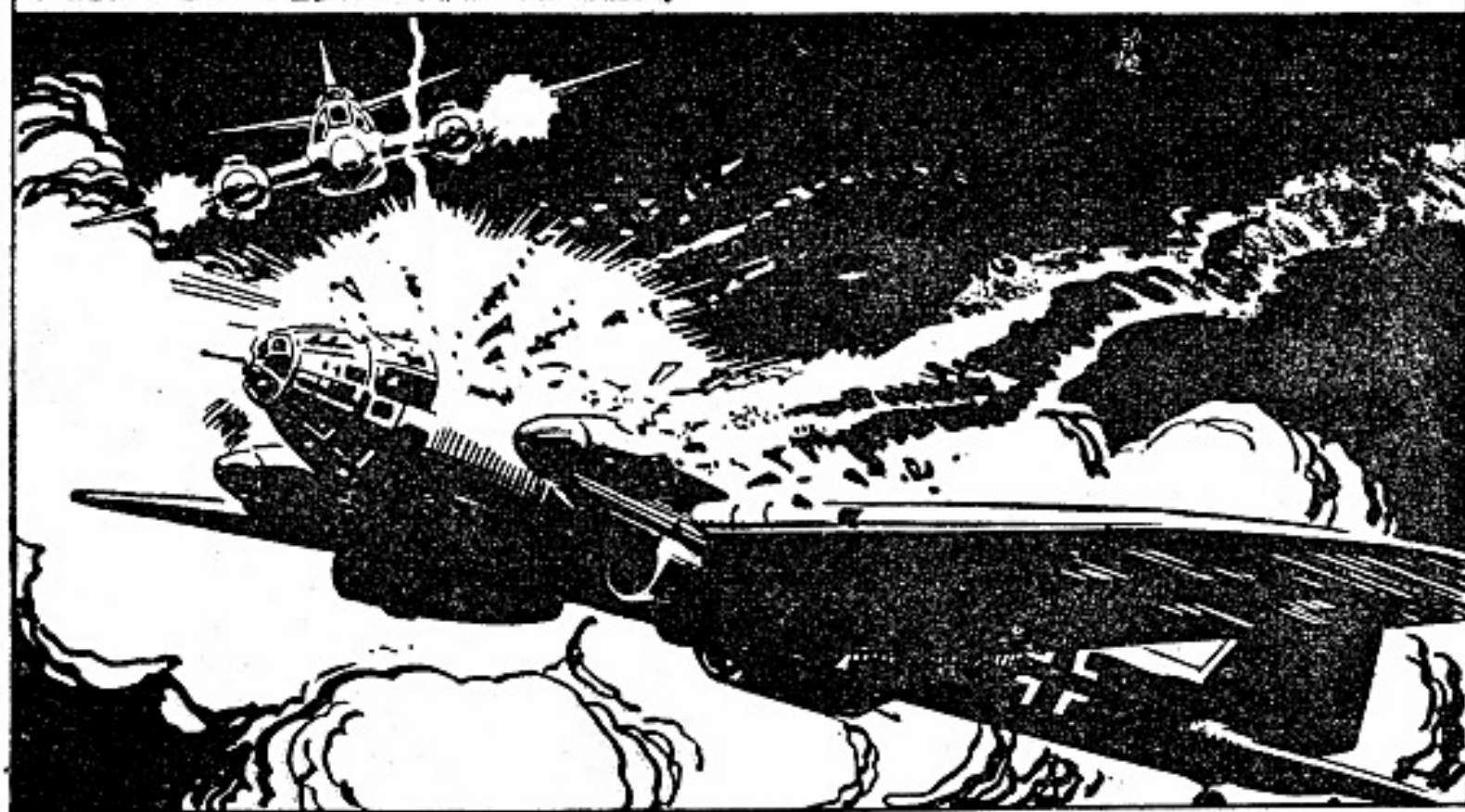
THERE'S
THE BANDIT,
SKIPPER - AND
HE'D BE A
SITTING TARGET!
LET'S HAVE A
CRACK AT HIM!



BRYANT WAS JERKED INTO ACTION. THE NEW FIGHTER RESPONDED EAGERLY TO HIS HANDLING AS HE FLUNG IT TOWARDS THE GERMAN BOMBER...



...AND NEXT INSTANT, THE FLASHING GUNS OF THE BRITISH PLANE RIPPED THE NIGHT APART WITH THUNDER. THE HEINKEL BLEW UP IN A SHOWER OF ALUMINIUM DEBRIS AND FLAMES!



FOR JOHNNY LEVIS IT WAS ANOTHER MOMENT OF TRIUMPH—ANOTHER ONE FOR THE SCORE. BUT AS HE STARTED TO SPEAK, BRYANT GAVE A SHOUT OF ALARM...

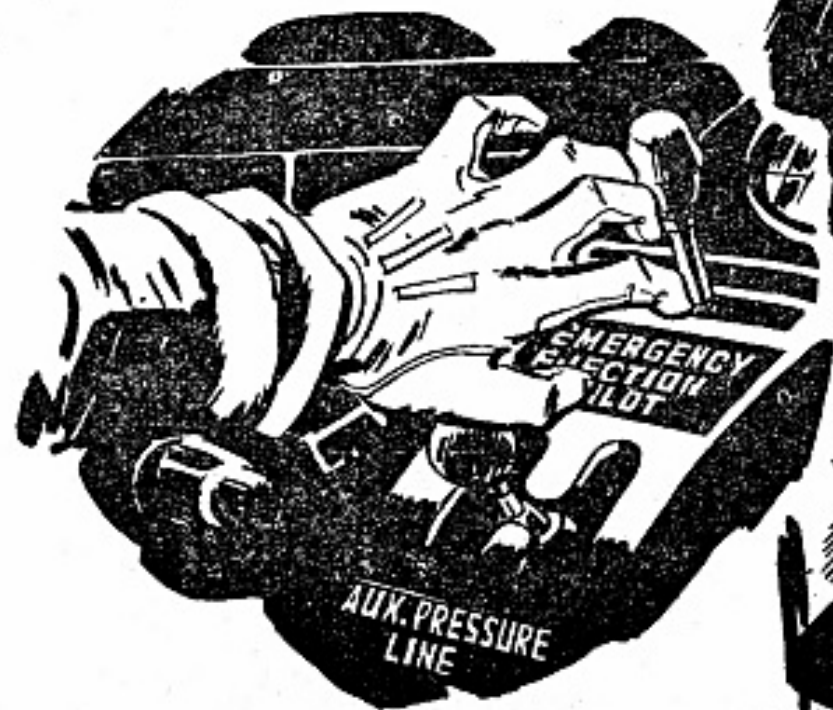
PRESSURE
LINE'S BURST,
SKIPPER!
SWITCH TO
AUXILIARY!

THE CONTROLS ARE
JAMMED! I CAN'T
PULL OUT OF
THE DIVE!



THE FEW SECONDS THAT FOLLOWED WERE A NIGHTMARE. ONE MOMENT HE WAS REACHING FOR THE PRESSURE LINE CONTROL, NEXT MOMENT HE WAS PLUNGING THROUGH THE COLD, DARK NIGHT, HIS PARACHUTE BLOSSOMING ABOVE HIM.

JOHNNY'S
STILL TRAPPED
IN THERE! WHAT
HAPPENED?



IT WAS MUCH LATER WHEN BRYANT REALISED WHAT HAD GONE WRONG. HIS NUNBED FINGERS HAD BLUNDERED...AND HE HAD PRESSED THE EJECTION SEAT CONTROL. BUT THE INQUIRY HAD RELIEVED HIM OF RESPONSIBILITY...

WE FIND THAT FLIGHT LIEUTENANT BRYANT ACTED IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE SERVICE IN ATTACKING THE ENEMY PLANE. IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT HIS OWN AIRCRAFT WAS SHOT DOWN WITH THE LOSS OF ONE MAN...

SHOT DOWN? THEY DON'T KNOW IT WAS MY FAULT THE PLANE CRASHED - AND KILLED POOR JOHNNY...



THE WRECKAGE OF THE NEW FIGHTER HAD BEEN SO SHATTERED THAT THE EXPERTS HAD NEVER FOUND THE REAL REASON FOR THE CRASH. BRYANT HAD ASKED FOR A POSTING TO THE FAR EAST TO GET AWAY FROM THE MEMORIES OF THAT FATEFUL MISSION...

YOU'RE NOT LOOKING TOO WELL, OLD CHAP. NEED A CHECK-UP?

I'M OKAY, DOC - IT'S JUST THE HEAT...

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT NIGHT - AND JOHNNY'S FACE



BRYANT STALKED OUT OF THE DUG-OUT TO WATCH THE HURRICANES COME IN TO LAND ON THE BATTERED AIRSTRIP...

IT'S TAKING US ALL OUR TIME TO HOLD OUT HERE... NO REPLACEMENTS, LACK OF FUEL...



THAT NIGHT, THREE MORE PLANES LANDED AT MINGALA AIRSTRIP. THREE UNEXPECTED PLANES... BATTERED AMERICAN P.40 FIGHTERS...

VISITORS, SIR! YANK KITES BY THE LOOK OF 'EM!

AMERICAN PLANES?

THE PILOTS OF THE THREE PLANES WERE SOON STANDING BEFORE WING COMMANDER BRYANT...

MY NAME'S HAMES. MY FRIENDS HERE ARE LIEUTENANT RAWSON AND LIEUTENANT HOLT...

THIS IS AN R.A.F. STATION, HAMES! LUCKY MY FIGHTERS WEREN'T IN THE AIR - YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN FOR ZEROES! BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



HAMES EXPLAINED-AND BRYANT BEGAN TO EYE HIM COLDLY...

OUR THREE PLANES ARE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF A FLYING TIGER SQUADRON!

FLYING TIGERS! I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU... YOU'RE MERCENARIES.. HIRED FIGHTERS!

HAMES' WORDS BROUGHT EVERYTHING INTO SHARP FOCUS. THE FLYING TIGERS WERE A GROUP OF PILOTS, FORMED BY THE CHINESE TO CHECK JAP AIR ATTACKS ON THEIR SOIL...

YOU HAD NO AUTHORITY TO LAND HERE.. I SHALL HAVE TO IMPOUND YOUR PLANES AND HOLD YOU PENDING ORDERS...

WE HAD NO CHOICE! WE NEED TO FLY TO RANGOON!

SURE! IT WAS TOUGH WORK WE WERE DOING, BUT IT PAID WELL. NOW WE WANT A CHANCE TO SPEND THE MONEY!

THE WORDS OF THE AMERICAN BROUGHT OUT THE BRISTLING ANGER IN BRYANT...

I'M CERTAINLY NOT GIVING YOU PETROL FROM OUR SMALL SUPPLY TO GET YOU TO RANGOON WITH YOUR BLOOD MONEY!

YOU MEAN... WE'RE STUCK HERE? YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO US!

COMMAND POST

THE THREE FLYING TIGERS LOUNGED INSOLENTLY THROUGH THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, FINALLY...

IS THIS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO WITH YOUR TIME? MY PILOTS ARE TIRED OUT FROM KEEPING THIS AIRFIELD INTACT! AND YOU PLAY CARDS!

YOU CAN SOON GET RID OF US BY FUELLING OUR PLANES, BRYANT!



THE PRESENCE OF THE THREE MEN BEGAN TO MAKE ITSELF FELT, UNDERMINING THE MORALE OF THE R.A.F. FLYERS...

BEATS ME WHY THE OLD MAN ALLOWS THOSE THREE SHIRKERS TO HANG ON HERE...

THOSE YANKEE PLANES ARE IN GOOD SHAPE. THEY COULD HELP US... IF THEIR PILOTS WEREN'T TOO SCARED.



THAT NIGHT, VINCENT HAMES CAME TO SEE BRYANT. HE PUT HIS CARDS ON THE TABLE...

LOOK, WING COMMANDER—THIS WAR ISN'T GOING TO LAST FOR EVER. I CAN MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE TO FUEL ONE OF THOSE PLANES...

YOU FOOL, HAMES! YOU THINK YOU CAN BRIBE ME! GET OUT OF HERE—BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!

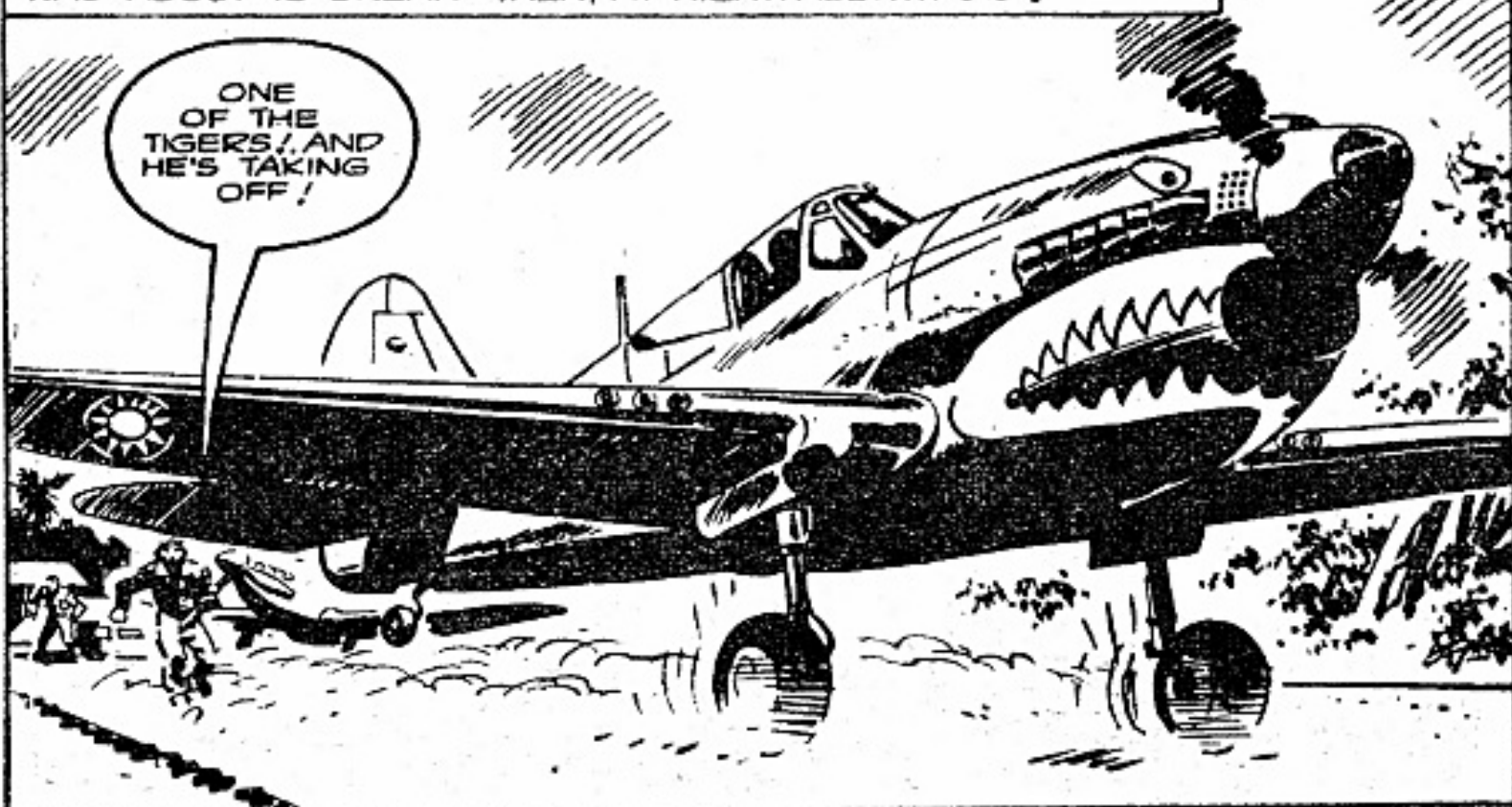
THE TWO MEN FACED EACH OTHER ANGRILY. THEN HAMES TURNED AWAY ABRUPTLY...

YOU SNOOTY R.A.F. TYPES MAKE ME SICK! I WAS IN THE R.A.F. ONCE! MAYBE I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY SOMETIME—IF YOU'RE STILL ALIVE TO HEAR IT!

SO THAT'S WHERE HE LEARNED TO FLY...

THE BROODING TENSION ON THE AIRFIELD CONTINUED THROUGH THE NEXT DAY. BRYANT FELT IN HIS BONES THAT SOMETHING WAS ABOUT TO BREAK—THEN, AT NIGHTFALL...IT DID!

ONE OF THE TIGERS! AND HE'S TAKING OFF!



THE WING COMMANDER RUSHED FOR THE NEAREST HURRICANE, HARDLY STOPPING TO LISTEN TO THE SHOUTS AROUND HIM...

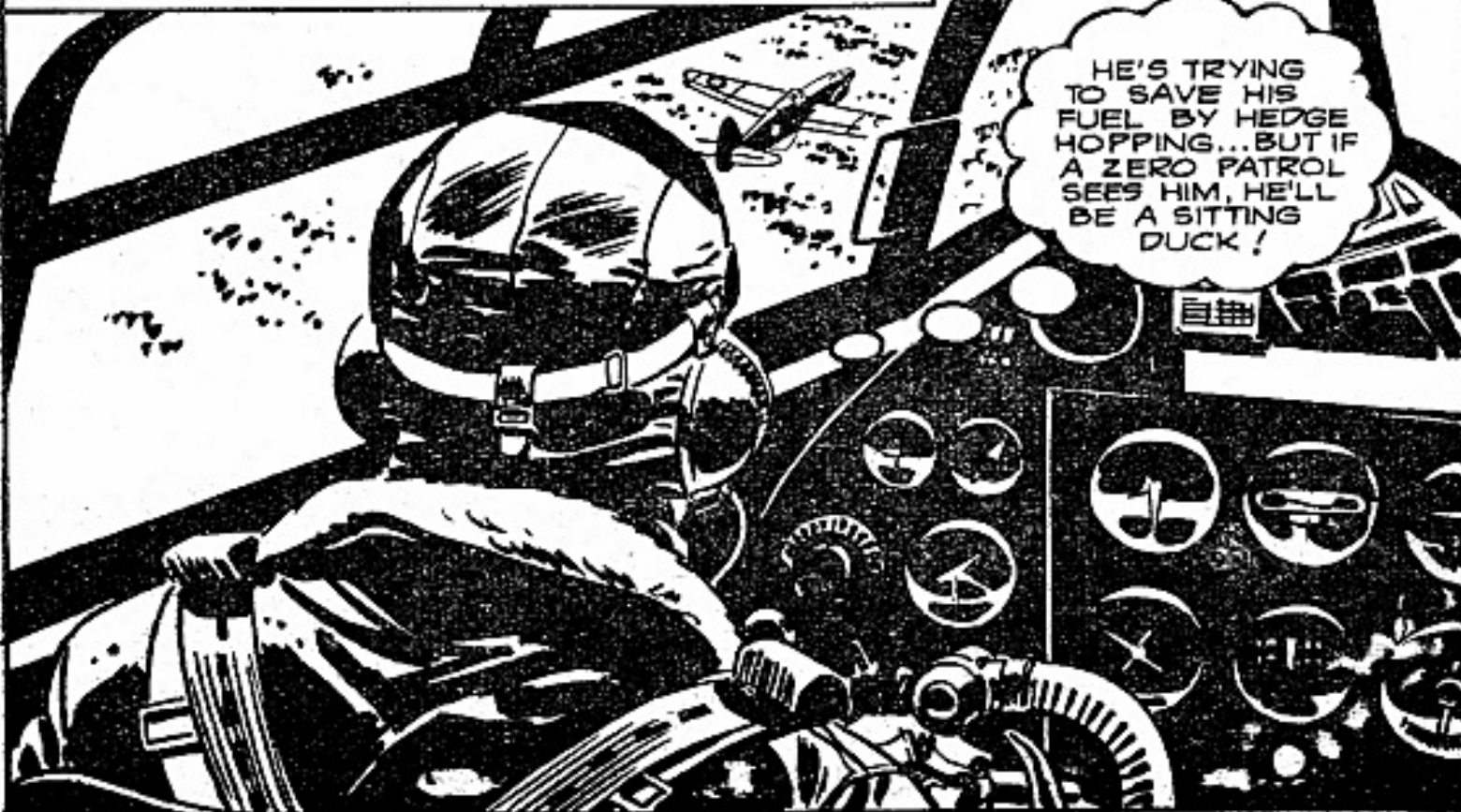
HE MUST HAVE SYPHONED SOME PETROL FROM ONE OF THE TANKS / CRAZY IDIOT - HE'LL NOT HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO REACH RANGOON...!

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM - FORCE HIM TO LAND...



AIRBORNE, THE HURRICANE ROARED OFF IN PURSUIT. SOON, BRYANT CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE P-40, HUGGING THE JUNGLE CARPET...

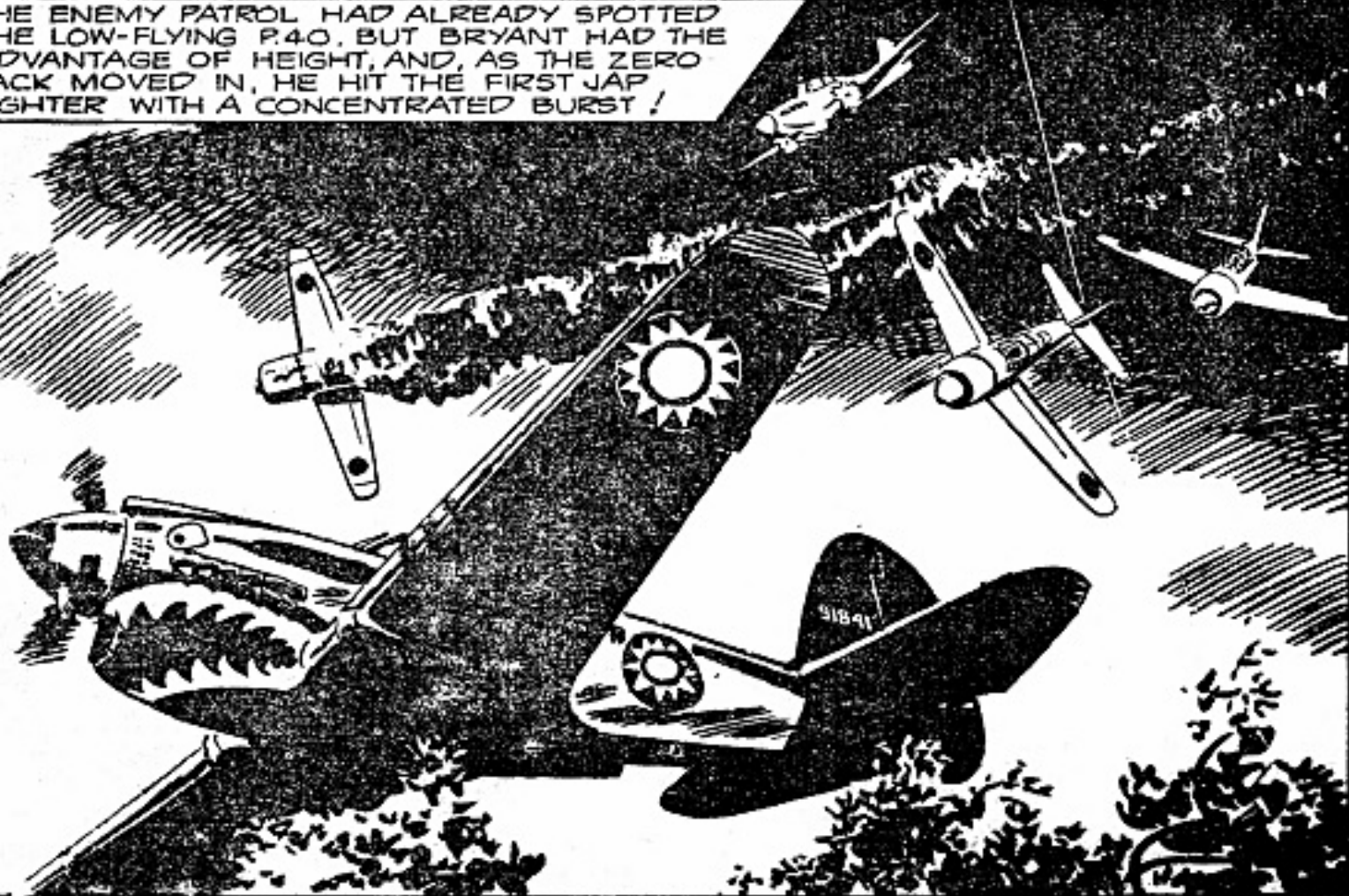
HE'S TRYING TO SAVE HIS FUEL BY HEDGE HOPPING... BUT IF A ZERO PATROL SEES HIM, HE'LL BE A SITTING DUCK!



SUDDENLY, BRYANT SPOTTED THREE HURTLING SHAPES STREAKING ACROSS THE DULL EVENING SKY...

ZEROES!
I'VE GOT TO
HEAD THEM
OFF!

THE ENEMY PATROL HAD ALREADY SPOTTED THE LOW-FLYING P.40, BUT BRYANT HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF HEIGHT, AND, AS THE ZERO PACK MOVED IN, HE HIT THE FIRST JAP FIGHTER WITH A CONCENTRATED BURST!



A VICIOUS DOG-FIGHT STARTED ABOVE THE JUNGLE...
AND BRYANT FELT THE SUDDEN THUDS AS
BULLETS RAKED THE HURRICANE!

JUPITER!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

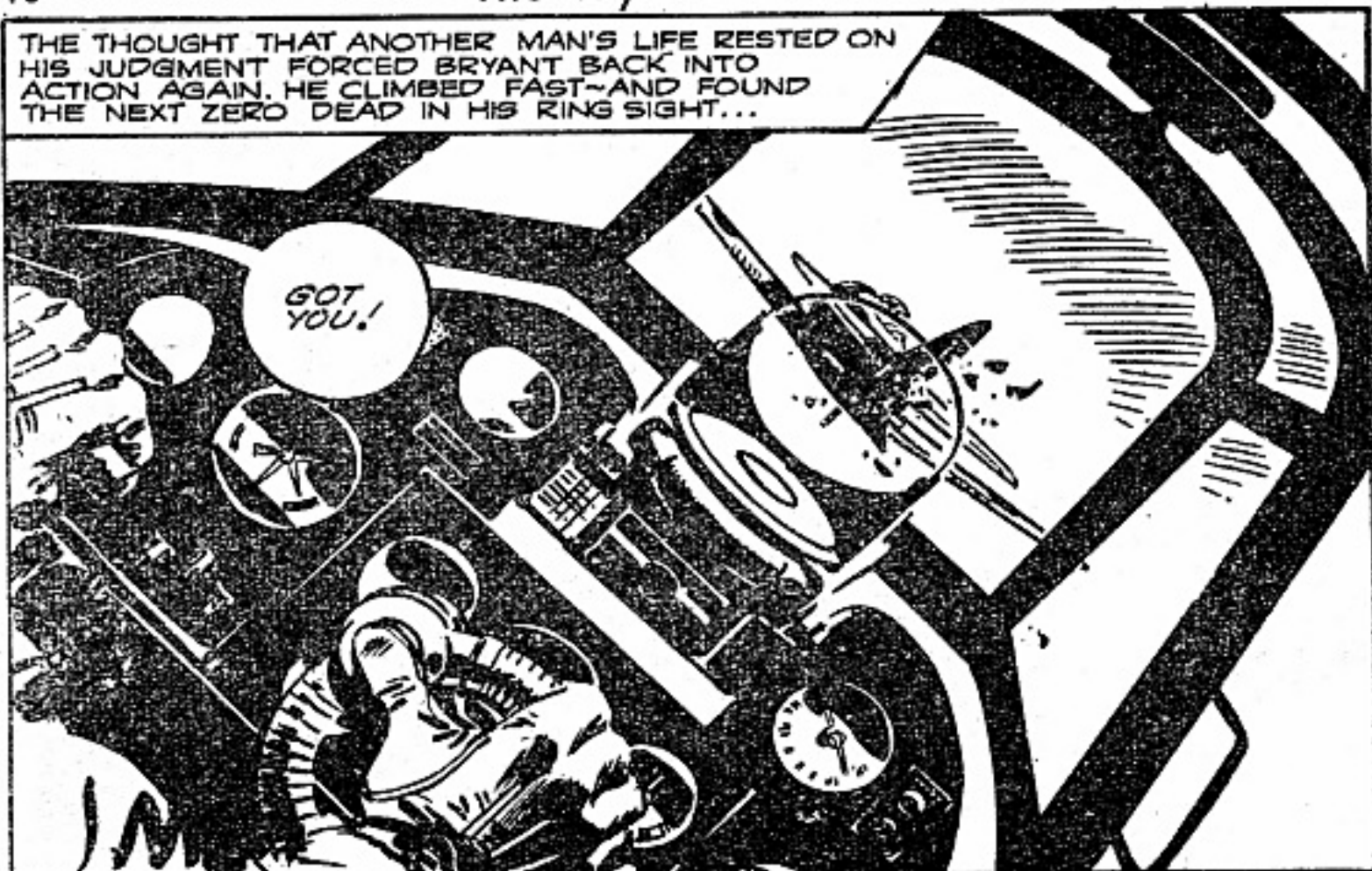
A black and white comic book panel showing a pilot in profile, wearing a helmet with goggles and a communication system. He is looking out of the cockpit window at a chaotic dogfight. Several aircraft are visible in the sky, with smoke and bullet trails indicating intense combat. The pilot's expression is one of focus and alertness.

IN THOSE FEW SECONDS OF NUMBING SHOCK, ALL THE
OLD FEAR RUSHED BACK INTO BRYANT'S MIND. HE
REMEMBERED ANOTHER NIGHT, SITTING IN THE
COCKPIT OF A PLANE OUT OF CONTROL...

MUSTN'T
LOSE MY
NERVE...GOT
TO SAVE THAT
FOOL IN THE
P-FORTY...

A black and white comic book panel showing a close-up of the pilot's face. He is wearing his helmet and goggles, and his expression is one of intense concentration and determination. His eyes are wide open, and his mouth is slightly agape. The background is dark and indistinct, focusing the viewer's attention on the pilot's face.

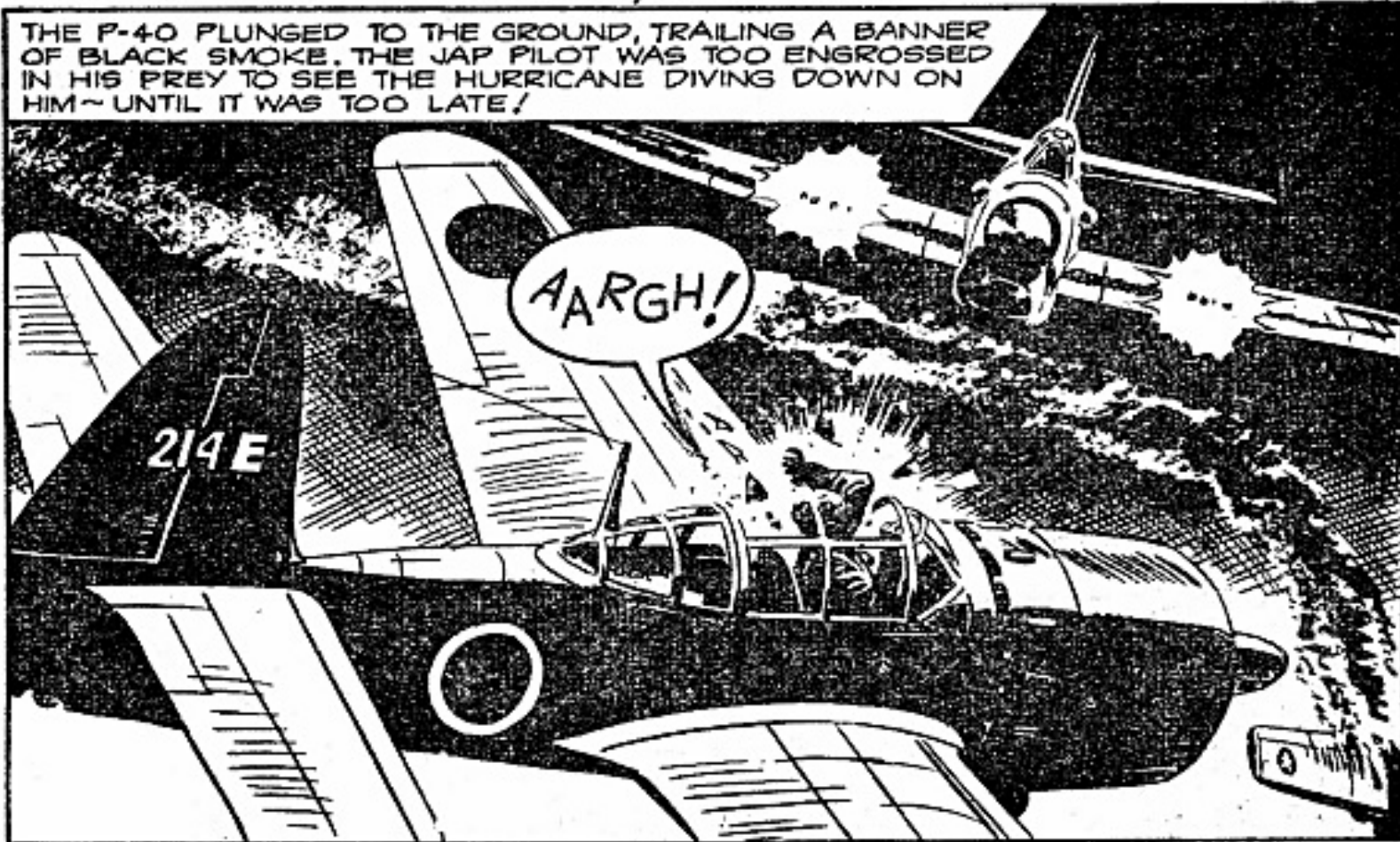
THE THOUGHT THAT ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE RESTED ON HIS JUDGMENT FORCED BRYANT BACK INTO ACTION AGAIN. HE CLIMBED FAST—AND FOUND THE NEXT ZERO DEAD IN HIS RING SIGHT...



BUT THE LAST OF THE ENEMY FIGHTERS HAD LOCKED ON TO THE P-40'S TAIL. THE SKY WAS LICKED WITH CRIMSON FIRE AS ITS GUNS SPURTED LETHAL HAMMER BLOWS.



THE P-40 PLUNGED TO THE GROUND, TRAILING A BANNER OF BLACK SMOKE. THE JAP PILOT WAS TOO ENGROSSSED IN HIS PREY TO SEE THE HURRICANE DIVING DOWN ON HIM~ UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE!



THE BATTLE WAS OVER. BRYANT CIRCLED THE RIBBON OF SMOKE WHICH ROSE FROM THE CRASHED P-40, THEN FLEW BACK TO BASE. BUT, IN THE JUNGLE, OTHER EYES HAD SEEN THE CRASH...



AT BASE, BRYANT HEARD URGENT NEWS..

THE OTHER TWO
TIGER PILOTS
HAVE RUN FOR
IT, SIR! THEY'VE
TAKEN A COUPLE
OF RIFLES AND
AMMO WITH
THEM!

THE FOOLS!
IF THEY RUN
INTO THE JAPS,
THEY'VE
HAD IT!

BRYANT CAME TO A QUICK DECISION, AS
HE SPOKE TO THE MEDICAL OFFICER...

THAT YANKEE
PILOT MAY
HAVE SURVIVED
THE CRASH,
SIR... YOU
CAN'T LEAVE
HIM FOR THE
JAPS...

DON'T WORRY ~
I'M GOING OUT FOR
HIM. BUT FOR ONE
REASON ONLY ~ HE
MIGHT TELL THE
JAPS SOMETHING
THEY WANT TO
KNOW!

WITH THE M.O. AND THREE MEN, BRYANT SET OUT. HE
REALISED ONLY TOO WELL THE DANGER OF A JAP
ATTACK ON THE AIRFIELD, IF THE ENEMY FOUND OUT
HOW DEPLETED THE GROUND DEFENCES WERE...

BRYANT'S COLD-
BLOODED, BUT HE'S
RIGHT, I SUPPOSE. WE
CAN'T LET THOSE
THREE MEN GIVE
US AWAY.

I'VE GOT
TO FIND
THOSE THREE
IDIOTS ~ KEEP
THEM OUT
OF JAP
HANDS.

SUDDENLY, A SHAFT OF CLEAR MOONLIGHT SHOWED A SMALL CLEARING AHEAD OF THEM AND REVEALED THE JAP PATROL RUNNING ON TO THE SCENE...

THAT ENEMY PATROL HAS FOUND HIM! RUSH THEM!



TAKEN BY SURPRISE IN THEIR MOMENT OF SUCCESS, THE JAPS HAD LITTLE CHANCE TO PUT UP MUCH RESISTANCE...



BRYANT FOUND THE M.O. BANDAGING THE AMERICAN, HOLT...

SO YOU WERE THE PILOT, HOLT... WHERE ARE HAMES AND RAWSON?

HAMES FIGURED THEY STOOD A BETTER CHANCE IN THE JUNGLE...

BUT THE JUNGLE'S ALIVE WITH JAP PATROLS! THEY'RE CRAZY!



CRAZY! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. WE WERE CRAZY WITH THAT BOUNTY MONEY... BUT MAYBE I'M STARTING TO LEARN SOMETHING.

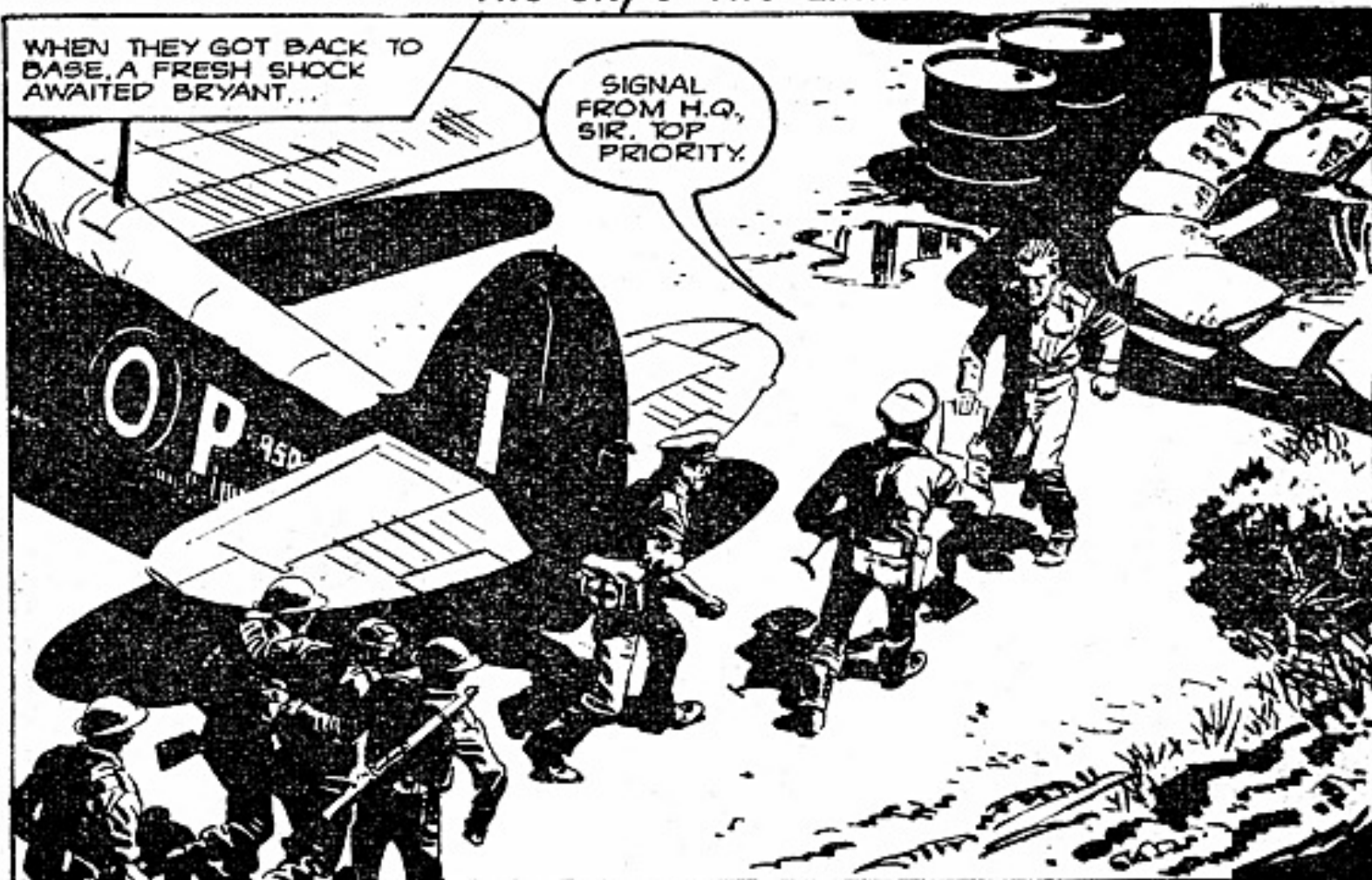
LEARN SOMETHING, HOLT?



YES...I'VE LEARNED YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM THE JAPS ~ OR THE WAR. BUT I GUESS A MAN IS ENTITLED TO ONE MISTAKE IN HIS LIFE...

I MADE A MISTAKE, TOO...BUT IT KILLED JOHNNY LEVIS!





AT THAT MOMENT, A SAVAGE JAP ASSAULT WAS TAKING PLACE AGAINST THE SCATTERED REMNANTS OF THE BRITISH FORCES TRYING TO WITHDRAW FROM KUMMING, NOT TEN MILES AWAY...



THE RAGGED ALLIED LINE BROKE UNDER THE TERRIBLE POUNDING. BUT STILL, ISOLATED POCKETS OF MEN MADE A GALLANT ATTEMPT TO HOLD OUT...



TO MOP UP THE LAST TRACES OF RESISTANCE, THE JAP ARTILLERY LAID ON A HEAVY BARRAGE. TRAPPED IN THE ONSLAUGHT OF STEEL, TWO DESPERATE FUGITIVES REELED BLINDLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE...



RAWSON AND HAMES, THE EX-FLYING TIGER PILOTS, HAD BEEN TRYING TO RUN THE GAUNTLET OF JAP PATROLS TO REACH RANGOON, WHEN THE SHELLING BURST AROUND THEM...



HANK RAWSON LAY ON THE GROUND, GROANING IN PAIN, AS THE HORROR OF THE BARRAGE GRADUALLY LIFTED. IT WAS THERE THAT HAMES FINALLY FOUND HIM...



HAMES TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE WOUNDED MAN AND ROSE TO HIS FEET SLOWLY...

YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE IT TO
RANGOON WITH
THAT HOLE IN
YOUR LEG,
RAWSON.

YOU CAN'T
LEAVE ME HERE,
HAMES! YOU'VE GOT
TO HELP ME! I'LL
PAY YOU...



THE TWO MEN STARED BLEAKLY AT EACH OTHER. BOTH HAD GAMBLLED, NOW ONE HAD LOST...

WHAT'S YOUR
LIFE WORTH,
RAWSON?

EVERYTHING!
EVERYTHING I'VE
GOT, HAMES! BUT
GET ME BACK
TO THE
AIRFIELD...

THAT
JUST ABOUT
MAKES IT
WORTH MY
WHILE TO GO
BACK, RAWSON.
BUT ONLY
JUST...



HOURS LATER,
THE TWO MEN
STAGGERED ON
TO THE AIRSTRIP
AT MINGALA...

HAMES
AND RAWSON!
THEY'VE COME
BACK!

RAWSON
LOOKS BAD...
HE'LL NEED
ATTENTION.



HAMES REPORTED TO WING
COMMANDER BRYANT. THE
TWO MEN FACED EACH
OTHER ONCE MORE. STILL
AWARE OF THE ENMITY THAT
BURNED BETWEEN THEM...

THE JAPS HAVE
BROKEN CLEAN
THROUGH WHAT'S
LEFT OF THE GROUND
SUPPORT, BRYANT.
YOU'VE GOT TO LET
US FLY OUT WITH
WHAT FUEL
YOU'VE GOT
LEFT...

YOU HAVEN'T
COME BACK TO
FLY TO SAFETY,
HAMES! MINGALA
STAYS
OPERATIONAL!



BRYANT WALKED AWAY, HAMES
STARING FURIOUSLY AFTER HIM...

HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE
OF HOLDING OUT. I'VE
GOT TO MAKE ANOTHER
BREAK FOR IT. I'M NOT
GOING TO BE BUMPED
OFF BY THE JAPS WITH
ALL THE MONEY
I'VE GOT!



BRYANT WAS AS GOOD AS HIS
WORD. MINGALA REMAINED
OPERATIONAL, AND, THROUGH THE
DAYS AND NIGHTS THAT FOLLOWED,
HURRICANES STRAFED THE JAP
LINES OF COMMUNICATION...



THE AIR STRIKES CONTINUED~ BUT THE ENEMY COUNTER-ATTACK CAME SAVAGELY ONE DUSK, HERALDED BY THE WHINE OF MITSUBISHI ENGINES...

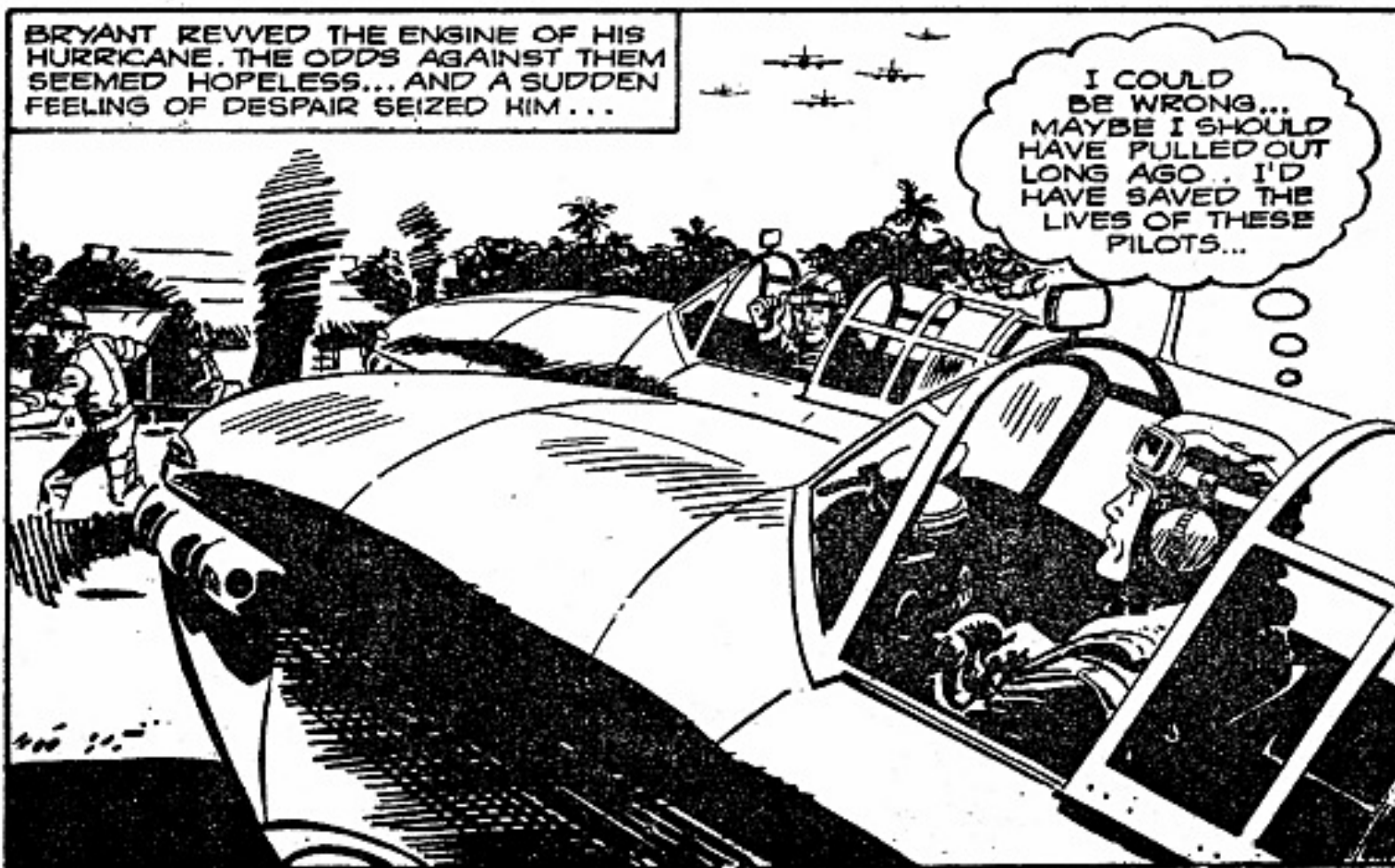
THIS IS IT-
AN ALL-OUT
ATTACK! IT'S
FIGHT OR GO
UNDER,
NOW!

JAP BOMBERS,
SIR-AND THERE'S
A SWARM OF
ZEROS ABOVE
THEM!

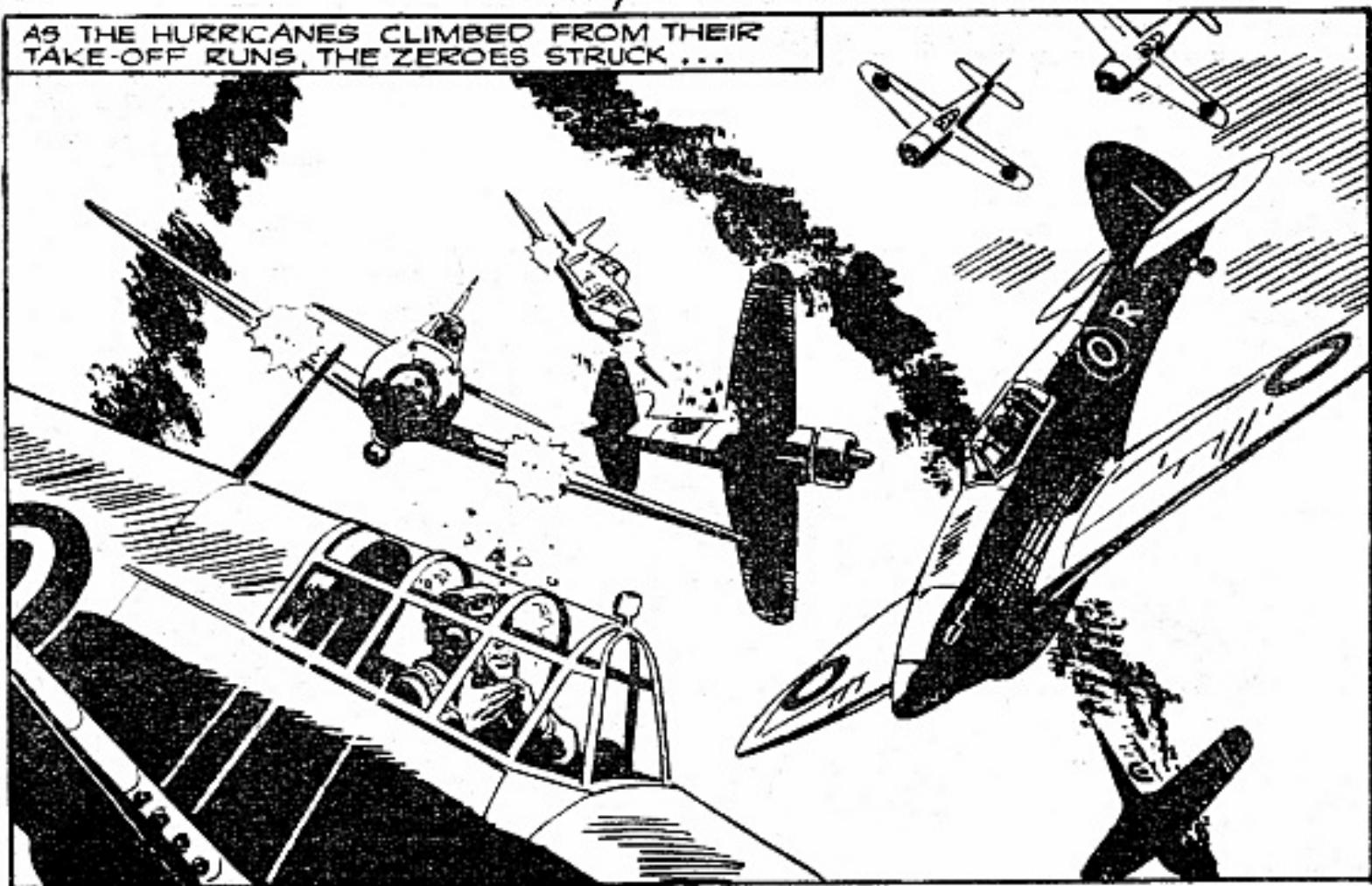


BRYANT REVVED THE ENGINE OF HIS HURRICANE. THE ODDS AGAINST THEM SEEMED HOPELESS... AND A SUDDEN FEELING OF DESPAIR SEIZED HIM...

I COULD
BE WRONG...
MAYBE I SHOULD
HAVE PULLED OUT
LONG AGO... I'D
HAVE SAVED THE
LIVES OF THESE
PILOTS...



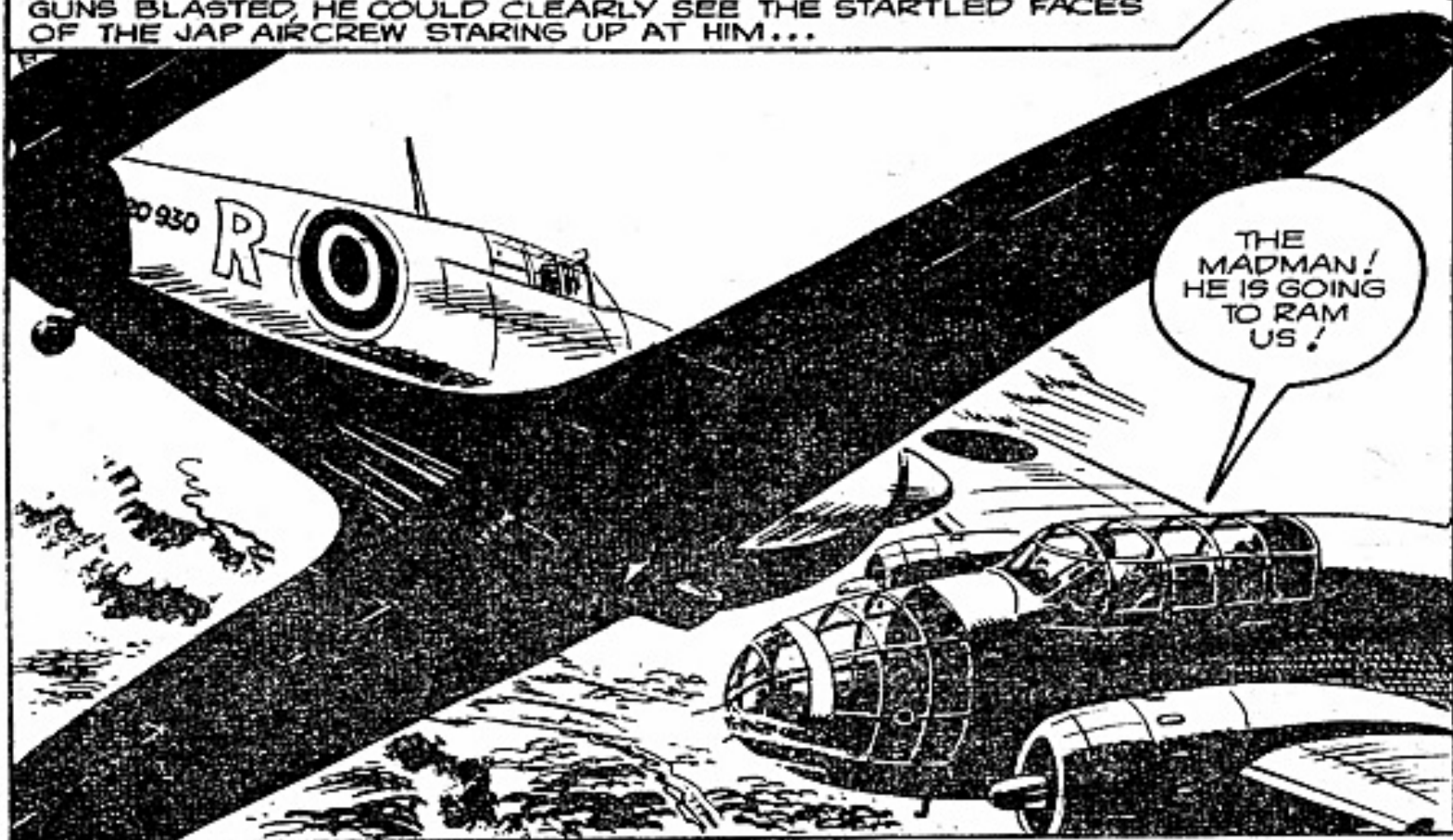
AS THE HURRICANES CLIMBED FROM THEIR TAKE-OFF RUNS, THE ZEROES STRUCK ...



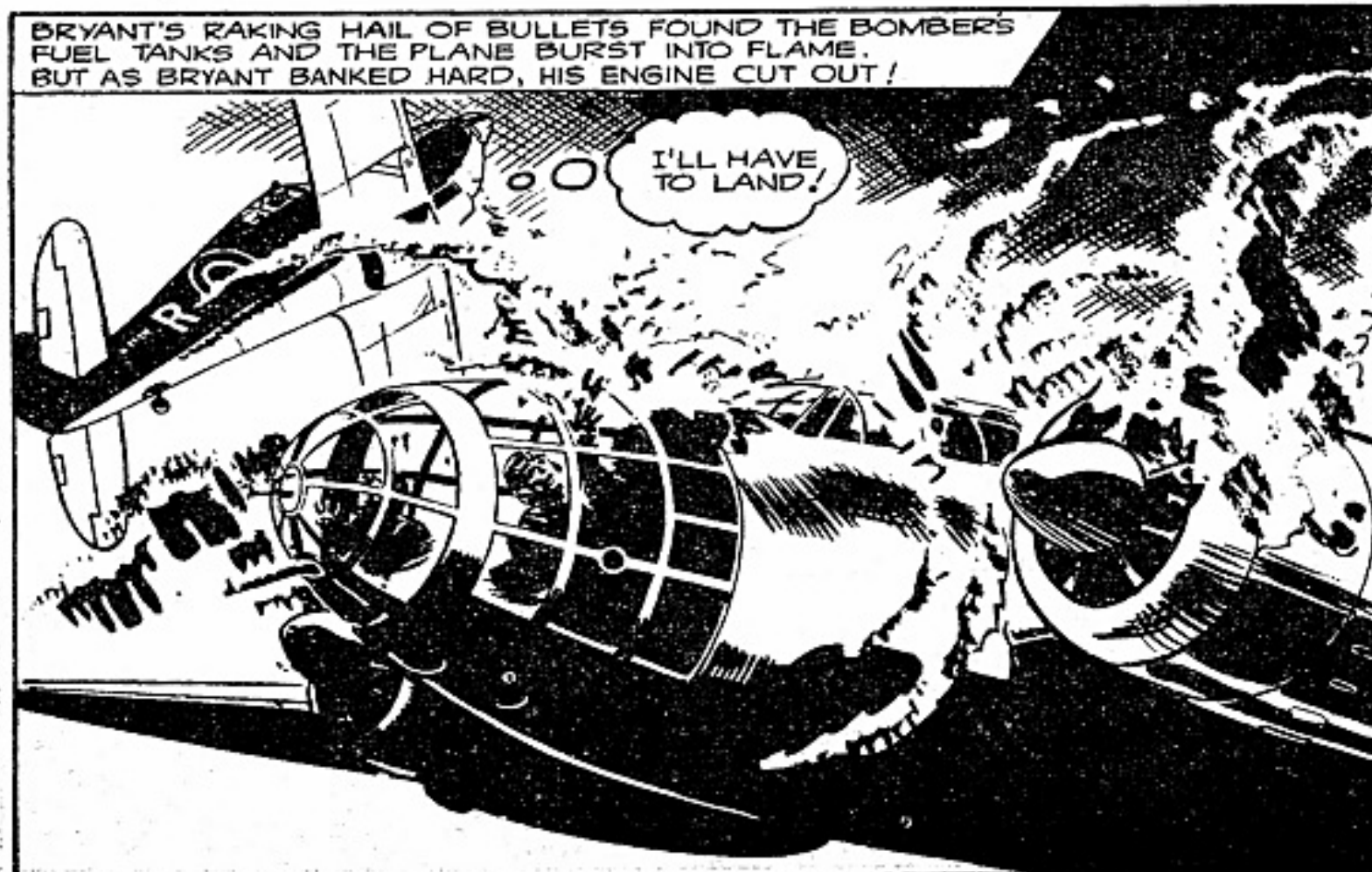
GAMELY, THE HURRICANE PILOTS BATTLED TO REACH THE JAP BOMBERS, BUT IT WAS A HOPELESS TASK IN THE FACE OF THE OVERWHELMING OPPOSITION. BRYANT SAW THE BIG BOMBERS BREAK THROUGH...



AS THE LEADING JAP BOMBER CIRCLED THE AIRFIELD, BRYANT DIVED HIS MACHINE STRAIGHT AT IT. IN THE SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE HIS GUNS BLASTED, HE COULD CLEARLY SEE THE STARTLED FACES OF THE JAP AIRCREW STARING UP AT HIM...



BRYANT'S RAKING HAIL OF BULLETS FOUND THE BOMBER'S FUEL TANKS AND THE PLANE BURST INTO FLAME. BUT AS BRYANT BANKED HARD, HIS ENGINE CUT OUT!



HE SEARCHED DESPERATELY FOR A LANDING PLACE AWAY FROM THE GOUTING BOMB BLASTS THAT SHATTERED THE AIRSTRIP. AT LAST HE FOUND A CLEAR SPOT...



IT'S THE WING-CO!

NICE LANDING!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, SIR?

I'M OKAY...
BETTER GET
BACK UNDER
COVER, CHAPS.

THE FURY PASSED... AND THE LAST OF THE BOMBERS DRONED AWAY AGAIN TO THE NORTH. WHAT WAS LEFT OF MINGALA BASE LAY, SHATTERED AND SMOKING, UNDER THE MOONLIGHT.



THIS LOOKS LIKE
THE FINISH OF US, SIR.
YOURS WAS THE ONLY
HURRI TO COME BACK~
AND THAT WAS HIT
BY BOMBS.

YES, DOC~
AND THE JAPS'LL
BRING TROOPS IN
NOW THEY'VE
SOFTENED
US UP...

BUT IT
IS THE FINISH...
I'LL JUST BE
RESPONSIBLE
FOR GETTING
MORE GOOD MEN
KILLED!

BITTERLY, BRYANT
TURNED AWAY. THEN,
TWO SHADOWY
FIGURES CAME UP
TO HIM~THE
AMERICAN PILOTS,
HOLT AND RAWSON...

THOSE
JAPS SURE
BEAT US UP,
COMMANDER.
ARE YOU
GOING TO
STAY AND
FIGHT?

I'LL MAKE
THAT DECISION,
RAWSON!

DON'T GET
HIM WRONG, SIR... RAWSON
AND I ARE IN THE SAME BOAT~
WE'VE NO MONEY. I LOST MINE
IN THE PLANE CRASH AND
RAWSON PAID HAMES
TO BRING HIM IN.

LIKE I SAID
BEFORE~
EVERYBODY
MAKES
MISTAKES.

WHAT
THIS GUY IS
TRYING TO SAY,
COMMANDER, IS
THAT IF YOU'RE
STICKING~THEN
WE'RE WITH
YOU...

WELL~
THANK YOU!
WE MAY BE
VERY GLAD OF
YOUR SERVICES
BEFORE
THIS IS
OVER!

Chapter 2. Jap Attack

ANOTHER MAN WHO HAD SURVIVED THE TERRIBLE BOMBING OF MINGALA PULLED HIMSELF FROM SHELTER AS THE BOMBERS FLEW OFF. FOR VINCENT HAMES, THERE WAS ONLY ONE, DESPERATE THOUGHT...

THE JAPS
WILL BE BACK...
I'VE GOT TO GET
AWAY..NOW!



AMIDST THE SETTLING DUST OF THE BOMB-BLASTS, HAMES AND BRYANT CAME FACE TO FACE...

SO YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE,
BRYANT?

HAMES!



YOUR
ORDERS KEPT
EVERYBODY HERE!
BUT YOU WON'T
LIVE TO COLLECT
YOUR MEDALS,
BRYANT!

I'M WARNING
YOU, HAMES!



HAMES' PENT-UP FURY
CRACKED... AND HE
FLUNG HIMSELF
HEADLONG AT THE
WING COMMANDER...

CURSE
YOU, BRYANT!
YOU CAN'T
HOLD US
HERE ANY
LONGER!



THE M.O. RACED UP JUST AS A WELL-AIMED
LEFT KNOCKED HAMES SPRAWLING...

THAT'LL
QUIETEN YOU,
HAMES!

WHAT
THE HECK'S
GOT INTO THE
MAN?



RAWSON SUPPLIED THE ANSWER AS HAMES LAY THERE IN THE DUST, HIS EYES FLAMING WITH HATE...

THAT MONEY'S BURNING A HOLE IN HIS POCKET, COMMANDER. HE CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF THE JAPS TAKING IT AWAY FROM HIM...



BEFORE BRYANT HAD A CHANCE TO WORK OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH THE MAN SPRAWLED BEFORE HIM, THERE WAS ANOTHER INTERRUPTION...

A TRUCK!

WHERE DID IT COME FROM? IT CAN'T BE ONE OF OURS...



THE VEHICLE ROLLED TO A STOP. AN INDIAN SERGEANT CLIMBED FROM THE DRIVING SEAT...

WING
COMMANDER
BRYANT,
SIR?

YES?

THE SERGEANT SALUTED SMARTLY. HIS NEXT WORDS SENT THE M.O. HURRYING FOR HIS MEDICAL KIT...

I AM FROM TOUNGOO AIRFIELD, SIR. ALL FLYING AND GROUND CREWS ARE STRICKEN WITH BAD FEVER... MEDICAL HELP IS URGENTLY REQUIRED.

TOUNGOO? WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE RIGHT AWAY, BRYANT!

THAT'S THE ONLY OTHER OPERATIONAL AIRFIELD IN THIS SECTOR!

SWIFTLY, BRYANT MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SURVIVORS OF THE SQUADRON TO PULL OUT AND MAKE A DASH FOR FREEDOM. THEN...

WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME... THE JAPS WILL BE CLOSING IN ON US RIGHT NOW! LET'S GO!

THERE IS A ROAD THROUGH THE JUNGLE... I SHALL DRIVE...

THE BATTERED OLD TRUCK WAS SOON BUMPING THROUGH THE JUNGLE. FOR THE FIRST TIME, BRYANT NOTICED HAMES HAD DISAPPEARED...

I THINK HE
CLEARED OUT,
COMMANDER. I
HOPE HIS LUCK
HOLDS OUT
AGAINST THE
JAPS...



BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THE MISSING MAN. WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, THEY FOUND THE JAPS WERE NEARER THAN THEY HAD IMAGINED!

WHAT'S THAT
UP AHEAD?

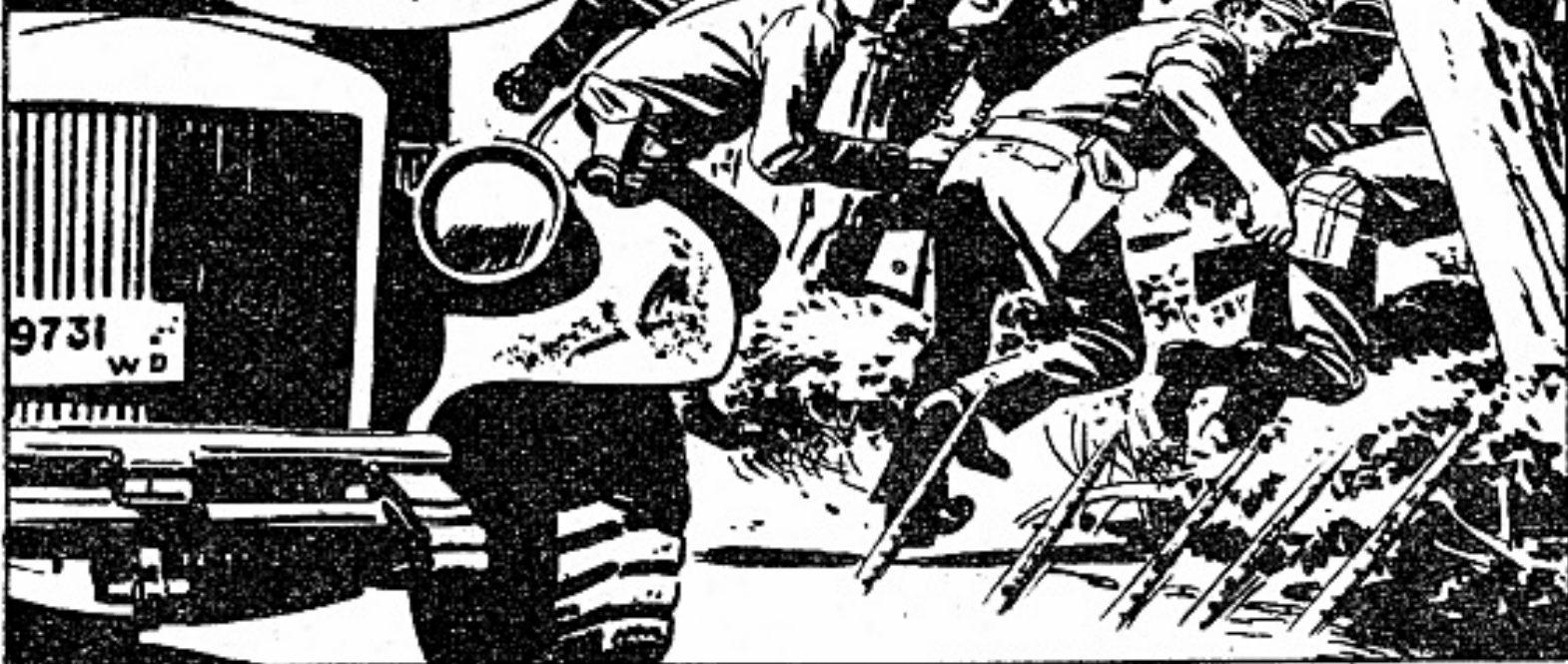
THE ROAD IS
BLOCKED, SIR...
PERHAPS IT
IS A TRAP!

THEN I'M
NOT RISKING IT!
STOP THE TRUCK!
RIGHT, MEN—
PILE OUT!



AS THEY DASHED INTO THE COVER OF THE JUNGLE, A HIDDEN MACHINE-GUN OPENED UP! BULLETS STITCHED A LETHAL TRACK ALONG THE DUSTY ROAD FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE FALLEN TREE...

WE'VE GOT TO KNOCK THAT MACHINE-GUN OUT-OR WE WON'T GET THROUGH! TWO OF YOU MEN, FOLLOW ME!



THE INDIAN SERGEANT AND ONE OF THE R.A.F. MEN JOINED BRYANT. SILENTLY, THEY MOVED THROUGH THE JUNGLE COVER UNTIL THE WING-COMMANDER SPOTTED THE MACHINE-GUN NEST...

WE'VE GOT THEM! MAKE IT FAST, WHEN I GIVE THE WORD!



IT WAS THE BRAWNY INDIAN SERGEANT WHO MOVED FIRST, GRAPPLING WITH ONE OF THE JAP GUNNERS BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO RESIST ...

AGH!



BRYANT AND HIS MEN TURNED TO GO BACK TO THE REST OF THEIR PARTY. THERE WAS A SUDDEN MOVEMENT IN THE UNDERGROWTH AND FOUR MORE JAP INFANTRYMEN CAME SCREAMING TOWARDS THEM!

THE MACHINE-GUN! GET IT WORKING!

BANZAI! CUT THEM DOWN!



AS THE INDIAN SERGEANT SWUNG THE JAP MACHINE-GUN
ROUND TOWARDS THE NEWCOMERS, BRYANT'S FIRE
BROUGHT TWO OF THEM DOWN...



THE JAPANESE MACHINE-GUN JAMMED. UNFAMILIAR WITH ITS MECHANISM, THE INDIAN SERGEANT SPRANG TO HIS FEET, GROPING FOR A RIFLE...

HOPE I'VE GOT ENOUGH ROUNDS LEFT TO STOP 'EM...

WE SHALL DIE FIGHTING, SIR!

FORWARD!
FORWARD!



BRYANT'S FIRST SHOT BROUGHT DOWN ONE OF THE ENEMY... BUT, NEXT MOMENT, THE OTHER TWO WERE UPON THEM, LIKE TIGERS.



SEEING HIS CHANCE, THE WING COMMANDER SMASHED HIS FIST AGAINST THE JAP'S JAW. THE SNARL FROZE ON THE ENEMY'S LIPS AS HIS HEAD STRUCK A TREE WITH A SICKENING THUD...



THEN, SWINGING ROUND, BRYANT SAW THE MORTALLY WOUNDED INDIAN SERGEANT MAKE HIS FINAL KILL...

WE DIE TOGETHER—
JAPANESE
VERMIN!

SERGEANT!



THERE WAS NOTHING BRYANT COULD DO FOR THE GALLANT SERGEANT. CREEPING THROUGH THE JUNGLE, HE JOINED THE OTHERS...

THE JAPS HAVE CONTROL OF THE ROAD... WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE ON IN THE JUNGLE...

I'VE GOT A COMPASS IN MY PACK. THAT SHOULD SEE US THROUGH...



WITH THE M.O. CARRYING HIS HEFTY MEDICAL PACK, THEY SET OUT. BRYANT KNEW THEIR CHANCES OF REACHING TOUNGOO AIRFIELD WERE SLIM... BUT THERE WAS NO GOING BACK TO MINGALA...



AS THE WEARY PARTY TRUDGED ON, THE ENEMY TROOPS WERE ALREADY STREAMING SOUTH AFTER THEIR BREAKTHROUGH AT KUMMING. THE FINAL OVERTHROW OF BURMA WAS AT HAND...



AS DUSK CAME TO THE JUNGLE AGAIN, WING COMMANDER BRYANT WAS CLOSER TO TOUNGOO AIRFIELD THAN HE THOUGHT...

ANOTHER PATROL... AND WE'RE TOO DEAD BEAT TO MOVE. WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT!



BUT THE MAN WHO CAME THROUGH THE SCREEN OF BUSHES WAS NO JAP. SEEING HIM, BRYANT STOOD UP SUDDENLY.

IT'S AN INDIAN SOLDIER! OVER HERE, MAN!



THE INDIAN HAD BEEN SENT OUT FROM THE AIRFIELD TO FIND THEM. QUICKLY, HE LED THEM ALONG A JUNGLE TRAIL...

LUCKY WE SPOTTED YOU FIRST... THE JAPS ARE EVERYWHERE!

MANY JAPS... BUT I HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU. WE SUSPECTED THE TRUCK HAD BEEN WAYLAIED.



The Sky's The Limit

IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, THE PARTY REACHED THE HIDDEN AIRFIELD. SWIFTLY, THE M.O. GOT TO WORK.



YOU'VE EXAMINED THE FEVER CASES, DOC. WHAT'S THE VERDICT?

BAD, SIR. IT'S A RARE TROPICAL FEVER THAT WILL TAKE SOME TIME TO RUN ITS COURSE. BY THE WAY, THE STATION C.O. WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU...

THE COMMANDING OFFICER WAS A BURLY SOUTH AFRICAN. STRAIGHTWAY, HE SHOWED BRYANT WHAT WAS ON HIS MIND, AS HE SPOKE IN HIS FEVER-WEAKENED VOICE...



THIS FEVER WOULD STRIKE US JUST WHEN WE HAD A CRITICAL ENEMY TARGET PIN-POINTED, BRYANT...

ANYTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT?

THE SOUTH AFRICAN'S FINGER TAPPED THE CHART ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HIM URGENTLY, HIS VOICE WAS STERN...

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU *MUST* DO, BRYANT! ONE OF OUR PILOTS SPOTTED ENEMY CONCENTRATIONS AROUND MAGDEO... ENOUGH JAP AMMUNITION TO BLOW BURMA INTO THE SEA...

YOU WANT US TO RAID IT? OKAY!



BRYANT LISTENED AS THE SICK MAN OUTLINED A PLAN OF ATTACK...

THERE SEEMS TO BE NO FIGHTER COVER NEAR MAGDEO. ONE BLENHEIM COULD GET THROUGH THEIR FLAK DEFENCES, AT NIGHT, IF THE TARGET COULD BE PINPOINTED...

I COULD FLY ONE OF THE LYSANDERS AS PATHFINDER

WHEN HE FINALLY LEFT THE C.O.'S TENT, BRYANT'S MIND WAS MADE UP. HE HAD A TASK AHEAD-TO PERSUADE TWO MORE MEN TO COME WITH HIM...

I THINK I CAN RAISE A CREW FOR THE BLENHEIM...

YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST, BRYANT. WE EXPECT THE JAPS AT ANY TIME...



ONCE OUTSIDE, BRYANT SOUGHT OUT HOLT AND RAWSON. HE QUICKLY EXPLAINED WHAT HE WANTED...

YOU TOLD ME YOU'D HELP ME IF YOU COULD...

SURE THING! HANK AND MYSELF WERE LOOKING OVER THESE BABIES. I RECKON WE COULD HANDLE ONE.



ONE OF THE BLENHEIMS WAS ALREADY BOMBED UP... IT ONLY REMAINED FOR BRYANT TO TAKE OVER THE LYSANDER HE WOULD FLY IN AS PATHFINDER.

THE CHANCES ARE THE JAPS WILL HAVE PLENTY OF FLAK COVER NEAR THE TARGET. BUT IF I GET IN FIRST AND GIVE YOU A GOOD PINPOINT.

IT'LL BE A CINEH! ONE HIT ON THAT AMMO DUMP WILL DO THE TRICK!



THE MEDICAL OFFICER CAME TO SEE BRYANT OFF...

GOOD LUCK, SIR!
I'LL BE STOPPING
HERE TO TAKE
CARE OF THOSE
WITH FEVER.

MAYBE
YOU'LL NEED
AS MUCH
LUCK AS
I WILL,
DOC!



AND SO, TWO BRAVE MEN
PARTED - FOR THE LAST TIME.
BRYANT GUNNED THE MOTOR
OF THE LYSANDER...

BRYANT ALWAYS SEEMED
TO BE HAUNTED BY
SOMETHING IN HIS PAST.
I HOPE HE FINDS THE
ANSWER TO IT
OUT THERE.



Chapter 3. *The Price of Honour*

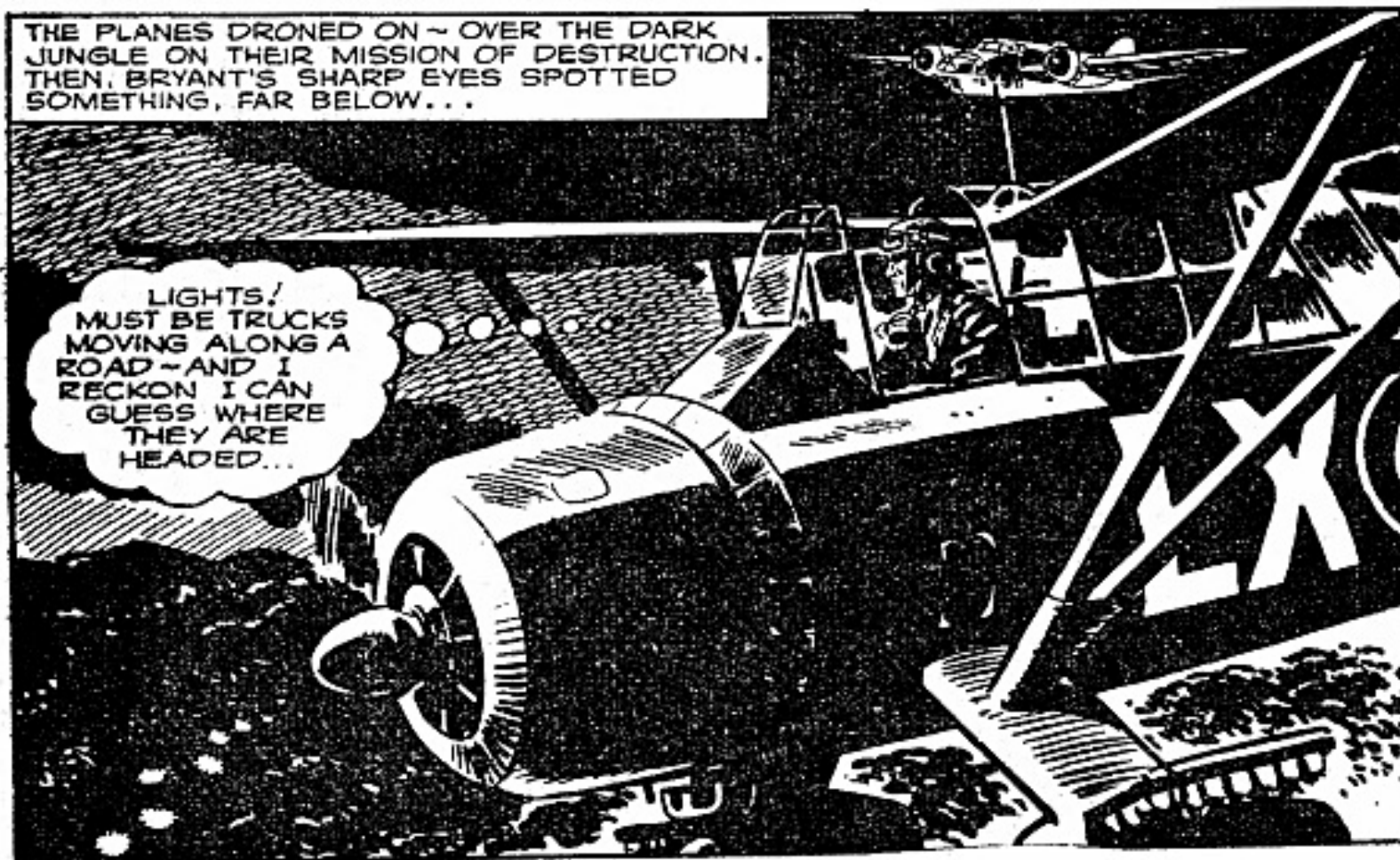
AIRBORNE. BRYANT TURNED THE OLD LYSANDER ON COURSE.

I'M GOING TO NEED
MY NIGHT FIGHTER
EYESIGHT TONIGHT...
IF WE'RE TO PULL
THIS OFF!



THE PLANES DRONED ON ~ OVER THE DARK
JUNGLE ON THEIR MISSION OF DESTRUCTION.
THEN, BRYANT'S SHARP EYES SPOTTED
SOMETHING, FAR BELOW...

LIGHTS!
MUST BE TRUCKS
MOVING ALONG A
ROAD ~ AND I
RECKON I CAN
GUESS WHERE
THEY ARE
HEADED...



SUDDENLY HIS PLANE WAS BATHED IN DAZZLING LIGHT. A JAP ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY HAD PICKED HIM UP...

ENEMY
PLANE! OPEN
FIRE!



THE SLOW-MOVING LYSANDER WAS CAUGHT IN A BOX BARRAGE! BRYANT STRUGGLED TO HOLD THE BUFFETED PLANE ON COURSE...

I'VE
GOT TO
CLIMB-GET
ABOVE THE
BARRAGE!



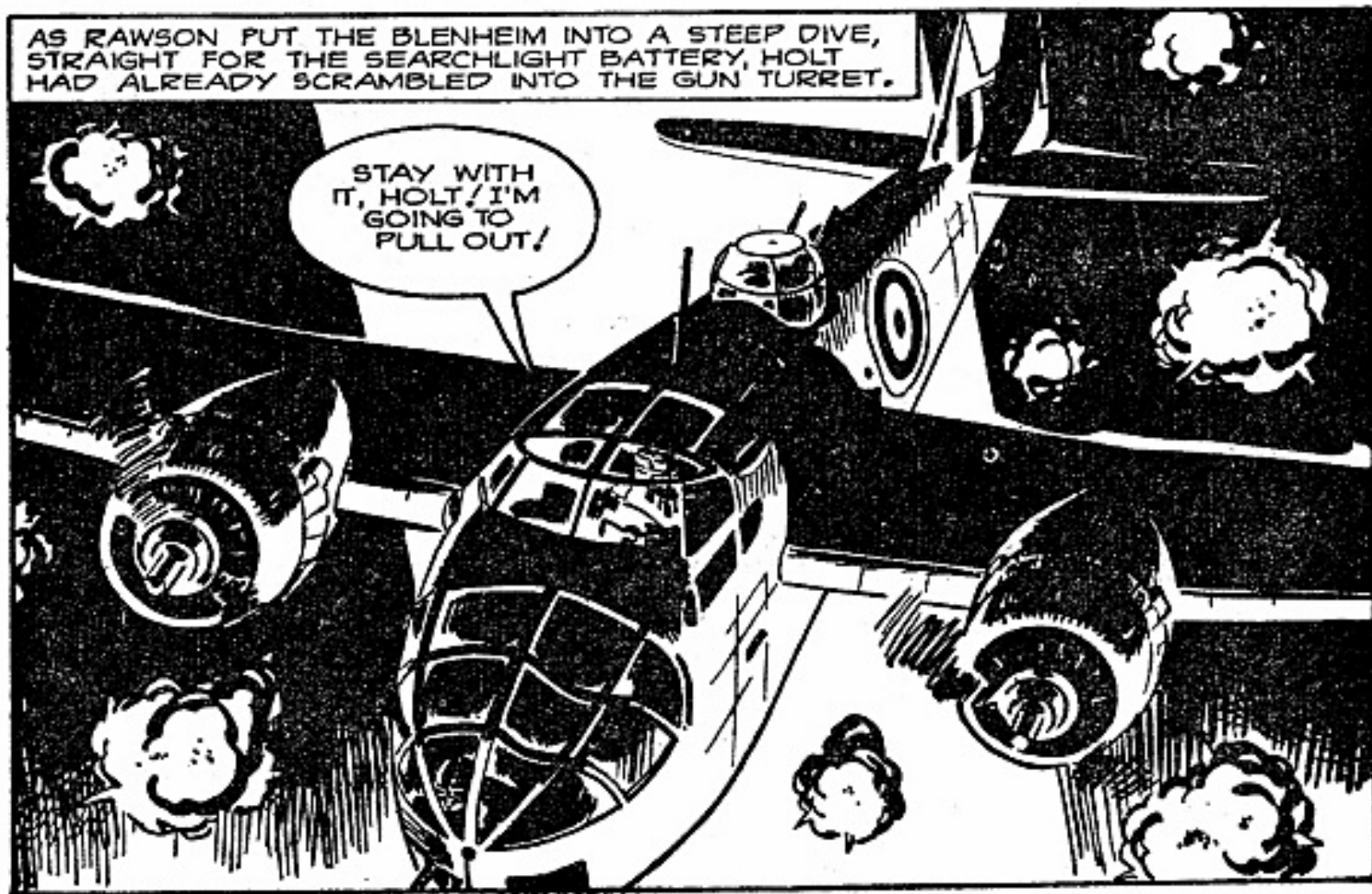
EVEN AS HE FOUGHT FOR HEIGHT, ANOTHER SEARCHLIGHT FLICKED ON. ITS ROVING BEAM FASTENED ON TO THE TINY PLANE...

THE NIPS HAVE FIXED HIM IN THAT SEARCHLIGHT, RAWSON! HE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

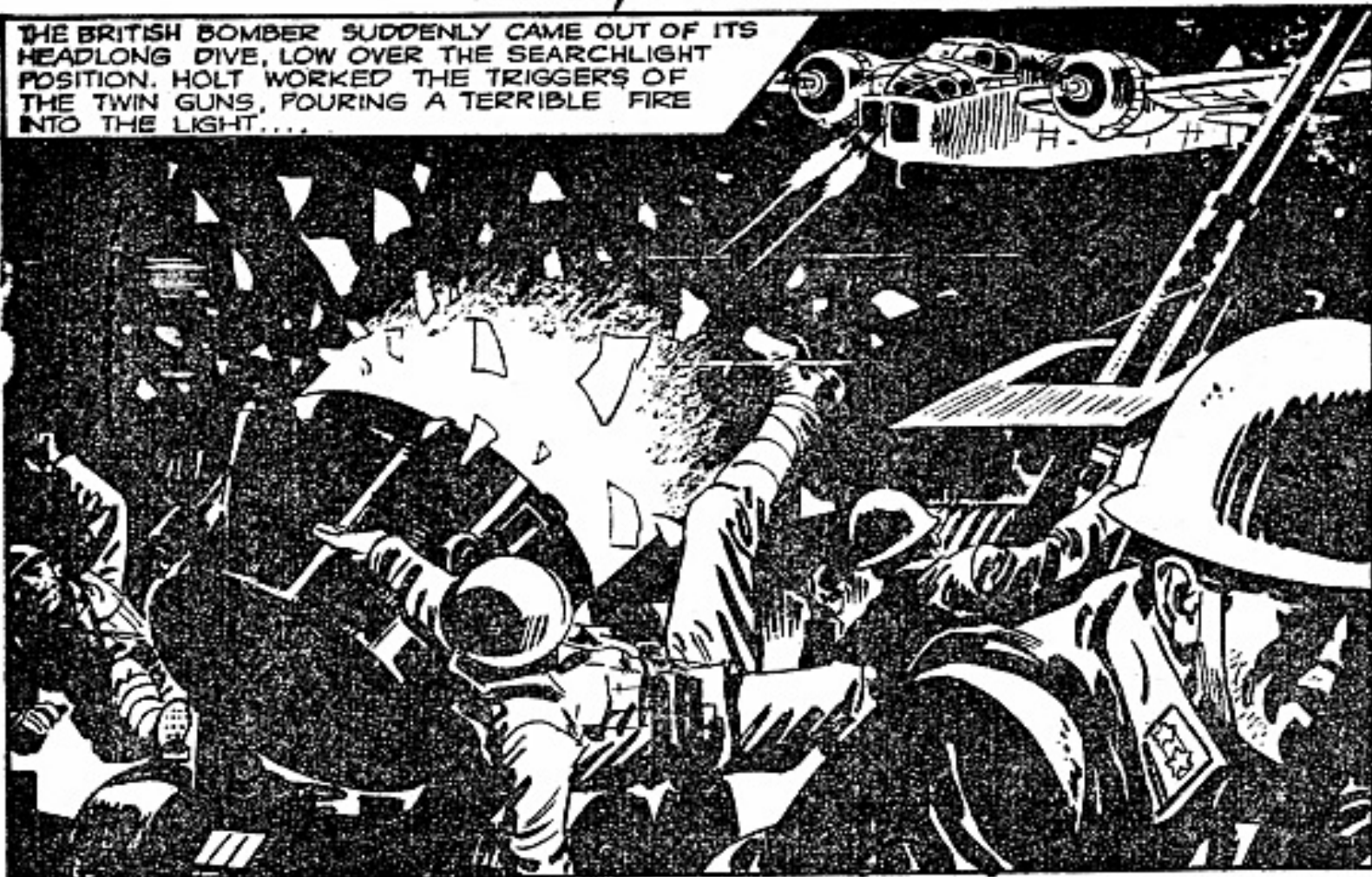
HE DOES IF YOU CAN WORK THE FRONT GUNS, HOLT! I'M GOING THROUGH THAT CRAZY LIGHT!

AS RAWSON PUT THE BLENHEIM INTO A STEEP DIVE, STRAIGHT FOR THE SEARCHLIGHT BATTERY, HOLT HAD ALREADY SCRAMBLED INTO THE GUN TURRET.

STAY WITH IT, HOLT! I'M GOING TO PULL OUT!

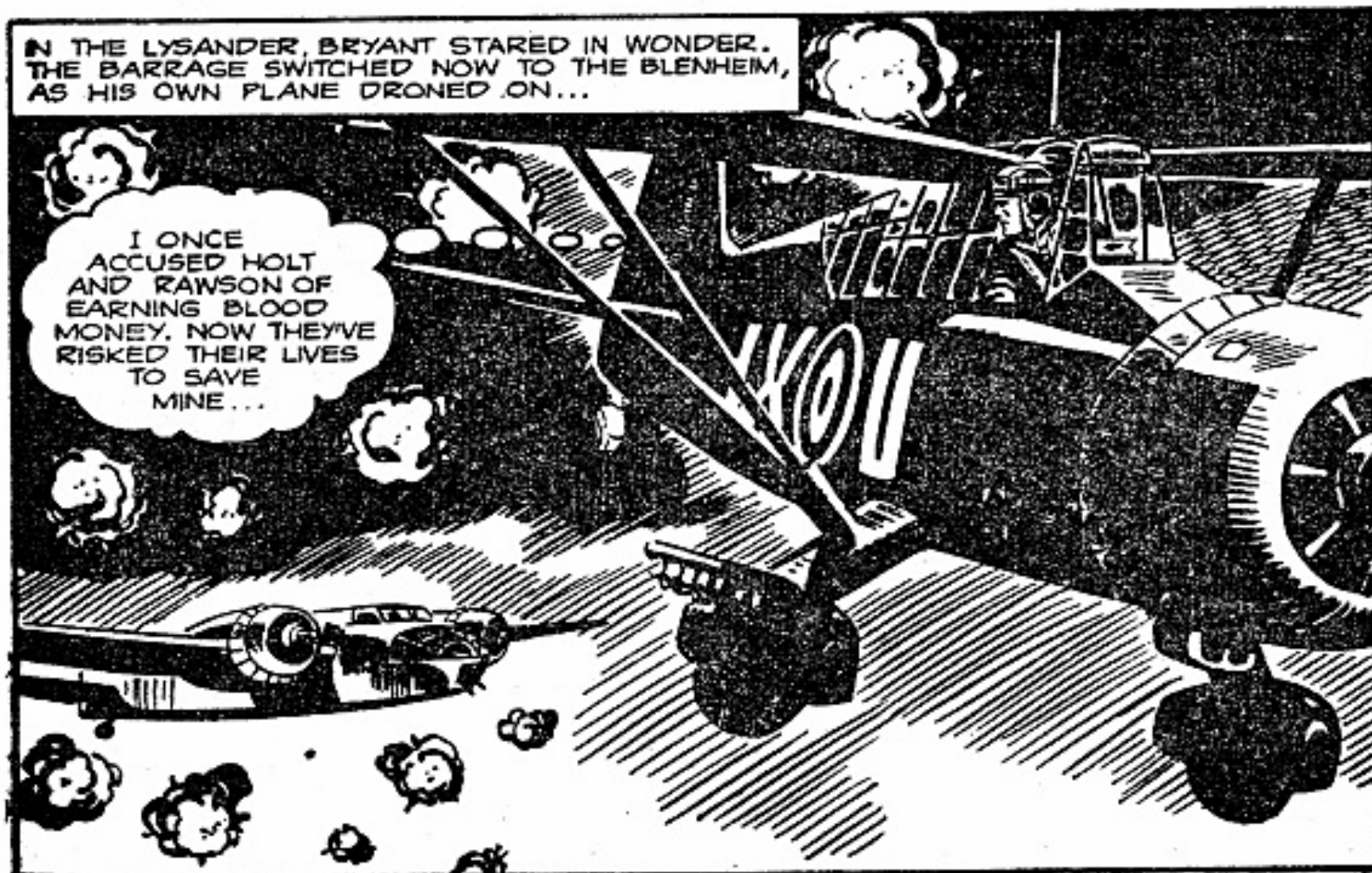


THE BRITISH BOMBER SUDDENLY CAME OUT OF ITS HEADLONG DIVE, LOW OVER THE SEARCHLIGHT POSITION. HOLT WORKED THE TRIGGERS OF THE TWIN GUNS, POURING A TERRIBLE FIRE INTO THE LIGHT....



IN THE LYSANDER, BRYANT STARED IN WONDER. THE BARRAGE SWITCHED NOW TO THE BLENHEIM, AS HIS OWN PLANE DRONED ON...

I ONCE ACCUSED HOLT AND RAWSON OF EARNING BLOOD MONEY. NOW THEY'VE RISKED THEIR LIVES TO SAVE MINE...



BRYANT REALISED THAT THEY WERE ALMOST OVER THE TARGET AREA AS THE FLAK GREW STEADILY MORE INTENSE...



ACTING ON THE INSTINCT BORNE OF HIS NIGHT FIGHTER DAYS, BRYANT KNEW THIS MUST BE THE TARGET BELOW HIM. NEXT INSTANT, THE FLARES WERE GONE!



NEXT SECOND, THE BLENHEIM ROARED IN AND DROPPED ITS BOMB-LOAD. WITH AN EXPLOSION WHICH SHOOK THE EARTH FOR MILES AROUND, THE AMMUNITION DUMP BLEW UP!



BUFFETED BY THE BLAST OF THE TITANIC EXPLOSION, THE TWO AIRCRAFT FOUND IT A STRUGGLE TO KEEP ON AN EVEN KEEL...

NOW
WE'VE GOT
TO GET AWAY
BEFORE THE
HORNETS
ARRIVE...

BANG ON
TARGET, HOLT!
LOOK AT THAT
FIRE~IT'S BIG
ENOUGH TO BE
SEEN CLEAR
TO TOKYO!

THANKS
TO OUR
PATHFINDER!



BUT RETALIATION CAME SOONER THAN THEY HAD EXPECTED...

WE'VE GOT COMPANY—
A BUNCH
OF ZERCHES,
RAWSON!

GET IN
THE TURRET,
HOLT! HIT
THEM WITH
ALL YOU'VE
GOT!

THE JAP FIGHTERS CLOSED ON THE LUMBERING
BRITISH PLANES...THERE WAS A SPLUTTER OF
FLAME FROM THE BLENHEIM'S PORT ENGINE...

WE'RE
HIT!

AS THE STRICKEN BOMBER WENT INTO A DEATH DIVE, THE JAP FIGHTERS TURNED IN A WIDE ARC. ONE OF THEM PEELED OFF AND SPED TOWARDS THE SURVIVING BRITISH PLANE...

A SPOTTER PLANE! IT WILL BE A PERFECT TARGET FOR MY GUNS!

IF I CAN DODGE THE FIRST BURST I MIGHT BE ABLE TO CRASH-LAND!

THE ZERO'S FIRST BURST RIPPED ALONG THE WING OF THE LYSANDER! BRYANT HELD THE PLANE TILL HE WAS SKIMMING ALONG AT TREE-TOP HEIGHT...

I'LL HIT THE GROUND AT ANY MOMENT. GOT TO BRING MY SPEED DOWN!

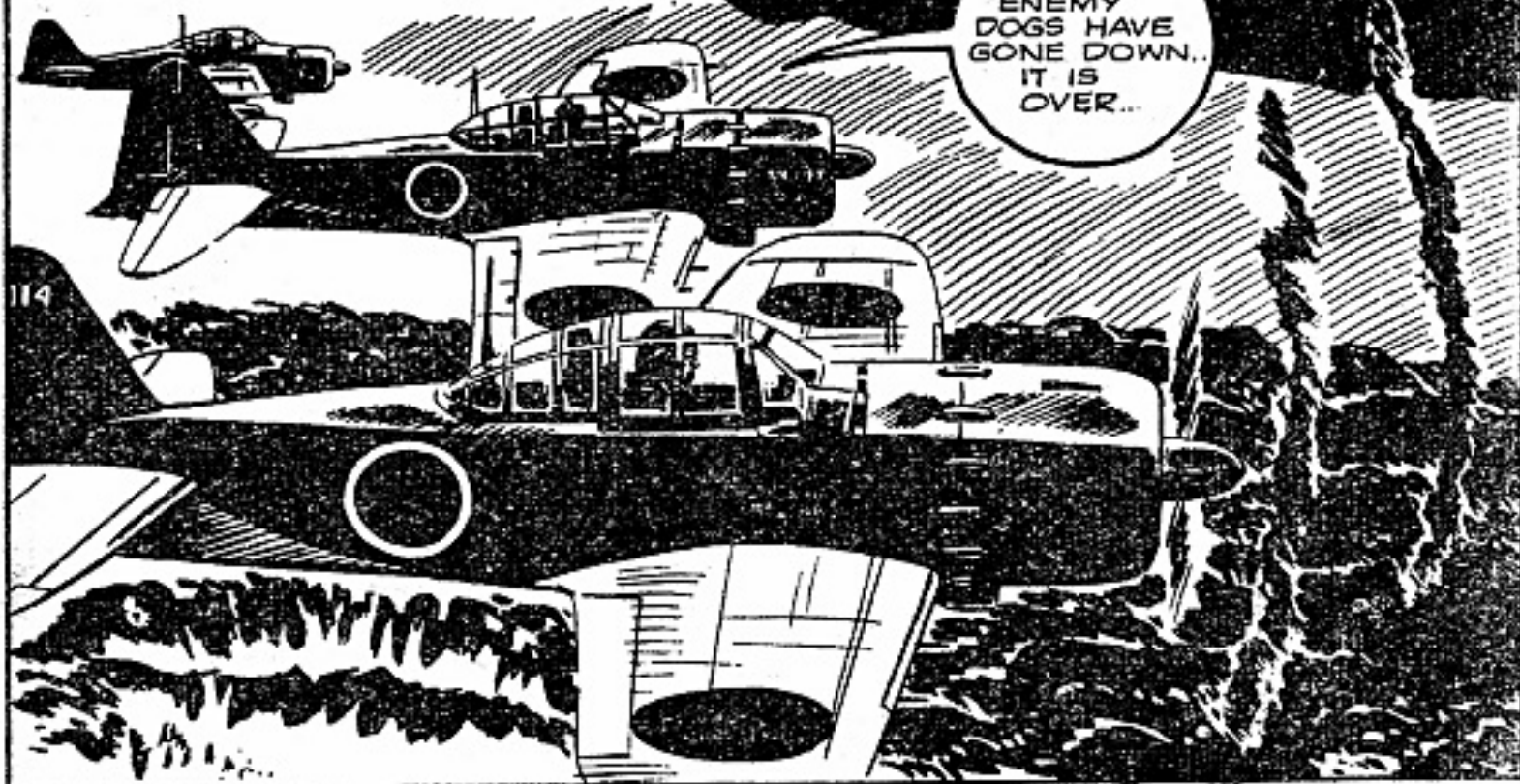
BUT AS BRYANT THROTTLED BACK, THE TERRIFIC DRAG ON THE SHATTERED WINGS CAUSED THEM TO BREAK UP...

SHE'S
CRACKING UP!
I CAN'T HOLD
HER! I CAN'T
CONTROL
HER...



OVER THE JUNGLE, THERE WAS STILLNESS ONCE AGAIN, EXCEPT FOR THE CLIMBING SPIRALS OF BLACK SMOKE THAT MARKED THE SPOTS WHERE THE TWO PLANES HAD CRASHED...

BOTH
ENEMY
DOGS HAVE
GONE DOWN..
IT IS
OVER...



BUT, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, A MAN WAS CRAWLING FREE FROM THE WRECK OF A LYSANDER...

WHAT
HAPPENED?
THE PLANE...
GOT TO
GET FREE...



The Sky's The Limit

GRADUALLY, BRYANT'S BRAIN CLEARED. HE HAULED HIMSELF UPRIGHT AND STARTED TO REMEMBER AS HE GAZED BACK AT THE SMOULDERING WRECK OF THE LYSANDER.

THE PLANE...
THOSE FIGHTERS...
I REMEMBER
THE FIRE...

HOLT AND
RAWSON...
THEY'RE DEAD!
THEY DIED, LIKE
JOHNNY LEVIS
DIED... LIKE YOU
ALMOST DIED...

THE IMAGINATION OF THE SHOCKED MAN WAS PLAYING TRICKS ON HIM! HE TURNED WILDLY, BLINDLY, INTO THE JUNGLE, AS VOICES SEEMED TO CALL OUT TO HIM FROM THE UNDERGROWTH.

THOSE VOICES!
I CAN'T
STAND IT!

RAWSON DEAD...
HOLT DEAD... LIKE
JOHNNY DIED...
AND LIKE YOU'RE
GOING TO DIE,
BRYANT..!

THEN, QUITE CLEARLY, HE SAW A MAN'S FACE!

IT'S HAMES!
NO! NO~ IT
CAN'T BE!



MERCIFULLY, BRYANT BLACKED OUT, THEN, THROUGH THE GROPING MISTS, HE GRADUALLY CAME ROUND...

HAMES!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

TAKE IT
EASY, BRYANT!
YOU'VE HAD A
NASTY BANG
ON THE
HEAD.



HAMES EXPLAINED WHAT HAD BROUGHT HIM TO THE JUNGLE...

I WAS HEADING FOR RANGOON, BUT GOT LOST IN THE JUNGLE. I SAW THE EXPLOSION OF THE AMMO DUMP WHEN YOU DROPPED THOSE BOMBS.

WHAT MADE YOU STOP, HAMES?

HAMES SPOKE TENSELY, DETERMINED THAT BRYANT SHOULD BELIEVE HIM...

I BEGAN TO THINK ABOUT THINGS, BRYANT! HOW MEN WERE DYING WHILE I WAS RUNNING TO SAVE MY OWN SKIN, AND THE MONEY I HAD...



HAMES TURNED AWAY AS HE WENT ON... HIS VOICE BECAME BITTER...

YOU'RE CERTAIN YOU CAUSED JOHNNY LEVIS TO DIE BY YOUR MISTAKE IN THAT NEW FIGHTER, BRYANT. MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT I MADE A MISTAKE JUST LIKE IT, ONCE...

YOU!



BRYANT LISTENED IN SILENCE...

THAT NEW JAGUAR FIGHTER WAS A KILLER, BRYANT! I SHOULD KNOW... I WAS THE FIRST TEST PILOT TO FLY IT. MY PLANE CRASHED AND MY CO-PILOT WAS KILLED. I WAS BLAMED AND CASHIERED FOR NEGLIGENCE... BUT IT WAS THE OIL PRESSURE FEED THAT WAS FAULTY...

OIL PRESSURE FEED! THAT WAS HOW IT HAPPENED WITH ME-AND JOHNNY!

HAMES WENT INTO GREATER DETAIL... BUT FOR BRYANT, THE QUESTIONS WERE ALREADY ANSWERED. THE MACHINE, NOT THE MEN, HAD FAILED!

YOU DIDN'T KILL JOHNNY LEVIS. HIS MURDERER WAS A BRUTAL FIGHTER PLANE THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN FLOWN!

AND YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN CASHIERED, HAMES...

VINCENT HAMES PULLED THE MONEY FROM HIS POCKETS...THE DOLLARS HE HAD BEEN PAID AS A FLYING TIGER PILOT...

YOU KNOW, HONOUR IS A STRANGE WORD, BRYANT. SOUNDS A LITTLE OUTDATED NOWADAYS. BUT PERHAPS I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND IT A LITTLE BETTER. I SHAN'T NEED THESE DOLLARS TO BUY IT, ANYWAY...



THE DAWN WAS RISING ~ AND WITH THE DAWN CAME THE JAP PATROLS...

BANZAI!
WHITE DOGS!
ATTACK!



TOGETHER, THEY FACED THE ENEMY - THE TWO MEN WHO FOR SO LONG HAD BEEN FIGHTING THE BATTLES THAT RAGED WITHIN THEMSELVES. THEY WERE OUTNUMBERED, BUT THEY HAD A FIGHTING CHANCE...AND AS HAMES HAD SAID, HONOUR WAS A WORD THAT ONCE AGAIN MEANT SOMETHING TO HIM...



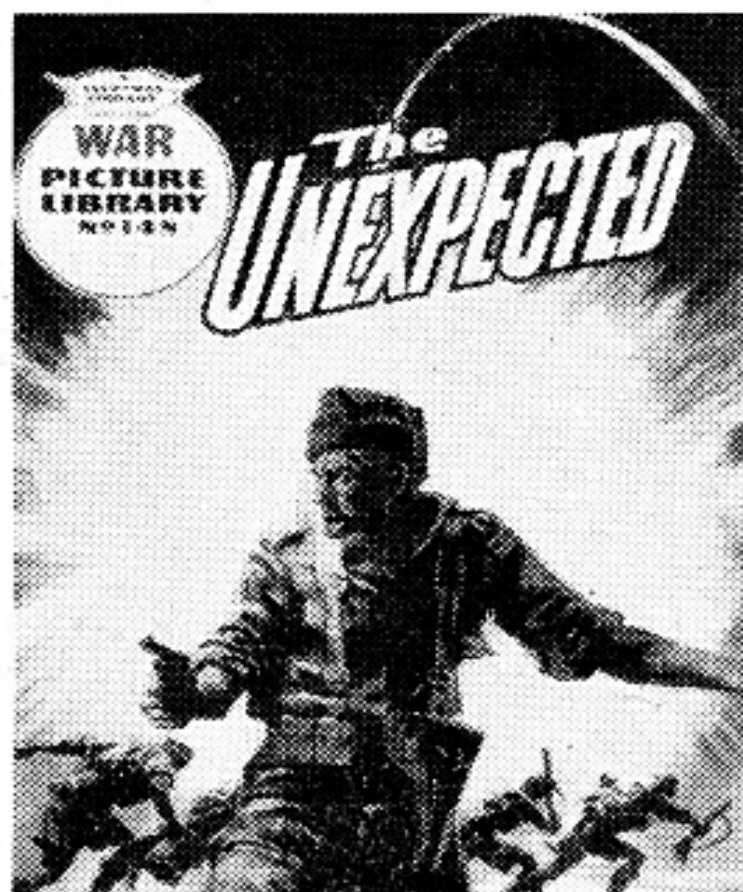
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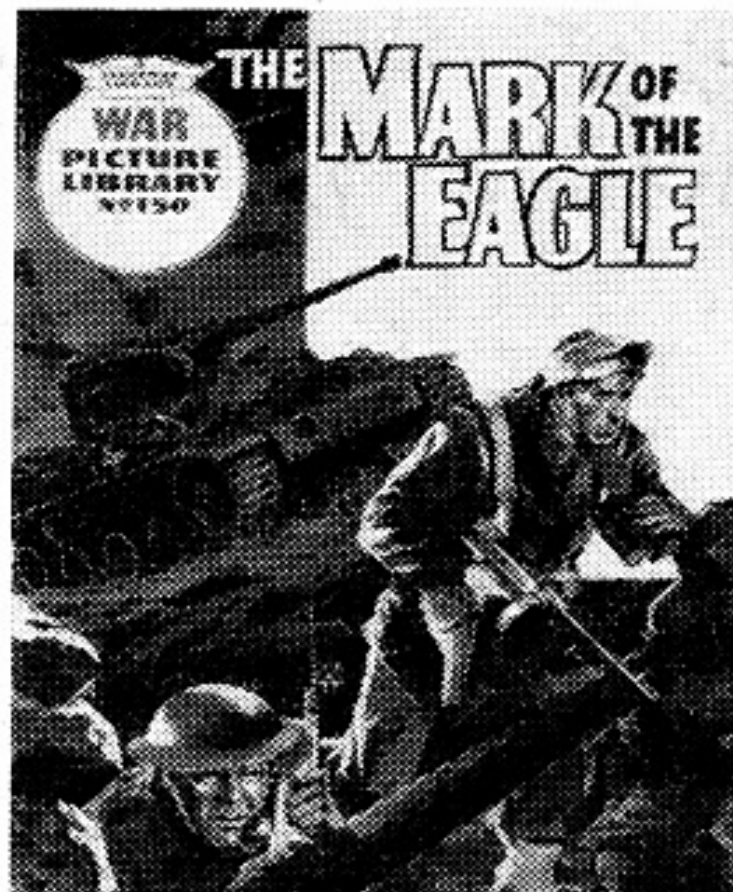
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